

# THE Historie of Troylus

and Cresseida.

Am. Dyson

As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties  
seruants at the Globe.

Collated

Perfect.

Written by William Shakespeare. Printed 1790.  
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First Edition.

LONDON

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1609.

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## The history of *Troylus* and *Creffida*.

*Ester Pandarus and Troylus.*

*Troy.* **C**all heere my varlet, Ile vnarne againe,  
Why should I warre without the walls of Troy:  
That finde such cruell battell here within,  
Each Trojan that is maister of his heart,  
Let him to field *Troylus* alas hath none.

*Pand.* Will this geere neare be mended?  
*Troy.* The Greeks are strong and skilfull to their strength  
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse valiant,  
But I am weaker then a womans teare,  
Tamer then sleepe; sonder then ignorance,  
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,  
And skillesse as vnpractiz d infancyr.

*Pand.* Well, I haue told you enoughe of this; for my part ile  
not meddile nor make no farther; hee that will haue a cake  
out of the wheate must tarry the grynding.

*Troy.* Haue I not tarryd?

*Pand.* I the gryndin; but you must tarry the boulting.

*Troy.* Haue I not tarryd?

*Pand.* I the boulting; but you must tarry the leauening.

*Troy.* Still haue I tarryd.

*Pand.* I, to the leauening, but heares yet in the word here-  
after, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating the  
ouen, and the baking, nay you must stay the cooling too, or  
yea may chance burne your lipper.

*Troy.* Pacience her selfe, what Godesse ere she be,  
Doth lesser blench at suffrance then I do:

*At Priams royall table do I sit*

*And when faire *Creffida* comes into my thoughts,  
So trair then she comes when she is thence.*

*Pand.* Well shee lookt yesternight fairer then euer I saw her  
ooke, or any woman els.

*Troy.* I was about to tell thee when my heart,

As wedged with a sigh would rive in twaine,  
Leſt *Heſſor* or my father ſhould perceiue mee:  
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a ſcorne)  
Buried this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmyle,  
But ſorrow that is coucht in ſeeming gladneſſe,  
Is like that mirth fare turnes to ſuddaine ſadneſſe.

*Pau.* Another haire were not ſome-what darker then *H. I. leſſor*, well go to, there were no more comparison betweene the women! but for my part ſhe is my kinſwoman, I would not as they tearme it praife her, but I would ſom-body had heard her talke yester-day as I did, I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caffandras* wit, but-----

*Troy.* Oh *Pandarus* I tell thee *Pandarus*,  
When I do tell thee where my hopes lie drown'd  
Reply not in how many ſadomes deepe,  
They lie indrench'd, I tell thee I am madde:  
In *Criffids* loue? thou anſweſt ſhe is faire,  
Powrefull in the open vicer of my heart:  
Her eyes, her haire her cheeke, her gate, her voice,  
Handleſt in thy diſcourseſ O that her hand  
In whose compariſon ali whites are ynde  
Writing their owne reproch; to whose ſoft ſcifure,  
The cignets downe is harsh, and ſpirit of ſencer  
Hard as th- palme of plow-mang; this thou tellſt me,  
As true thou tellſt me, when I ſay I loue her,  
But ſaying thus in ſteed of oyle and balme,  
Thou layſt in every gash that loue hath giuen mee  
The knife that made it.

*Pau.* I ſpeak no more then truþ:

*T. ey.* Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much,

*Pau.* Faith I ſe not meddle in it, let her bee as ſhee is, if ſhe bee faire tis the better for her, and ſhee bee not, ſhe has the mends in herowne hands.

*Troy.* Good *Pandarus*, how now *Pandarus*?

*Pau.* I haue had my labour for my trauell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought of you, gon betweene and betweene, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

*Troy.* What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

*Pau.*

*of Troylus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* Because shē's kin to me therefore shē's not so faire  
as *Hellen*, and shē were kin to me, shē would be as faire a Friday  
as *Hellen*, is on Sunday, but what I? I care not and shē  
were a blackamore, tis all one to me.

*Troy.* Say I shē is not faire?

*Pan.* I do not care whether you do or no, shē's a foole to  
stay behinde her father let her to the Greeks, and so I'll tell  
her the next time I see her for my part I'll meddle nor make  
no more ith'matter.

*Troy.* Pandarus. *Pan.* Not I.

*Troy.* Sweete Pandars.

*Pan.* Pray you speake no more to mee I will leane all as I  
found it and there an end.

*Exit.*

*Sound alarmum.*

*Troy.* Peace you vngacious clamors, peace iude sounds,  
Foole on both sides, *Hellen* must needes be faire,  
When with your bloud you daylie paint her thus,  
I cannot fight vpon this argument:  
It is too staru'd a subiect for my sword,  
But *Pandar*: O gods! how do yon plague me.  
I cannot come to *Cressid* but by *Pandar*,  
And he's as teachy to be wood to woe,  
As shē is stubborne, chaff, against all iuite.  
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* loue  
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:  
Her bed is *India* there! shē lies, a pearle,  
Betweene our Ilium, and where thee reides  
Let it be cald the wild and waulding flood:  
Our selfe the Marchant, and this sayling *Pandar*,  
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our barke.

*Alarmum Enter Eneas.*

*Eneas.* How now prince *Troylus*, wherefore not a field.

*Troy.* Because not there; this womans answer sorts,  
For woman i't is to be from thence.

What newes *Eneas* from the field to day?

*Eneas.* That Paris is returned home and hurt.

*Troy.* By whom *Eneas*?

*Eneas.* *Troylus* by *Mewolans*.

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*Troy.*

Troy. Let Paris bleed us but a scar to scorne,  
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus home. Alarum.

Ene. Harke what good sport is out of towne to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:  
But to the sport abroad are you bound thither?

Ene. In all swift haſt.

Troy. Come goe wee then togither. Exaudi.

Enter Cressid and her man.

Cref. Who were those went by?

Man. Queene Hecuba, and Hellen.

Cref. And whether goe they?

Man. Up to the Estern tower,  
Whose high commands as subiect all the vaille,  
To see the battell: Hellen whose pacience,  
Is as a vertue first, to day was mou'd:  
Hee chid Andromache and strooke his armorer,  
And like as there were husbandry in warre  
Before the Sunne rose, hee was hameſt lyte,  
And to the field goeſhe; where every flower  
Did as a Prophet weep what it forſlawe,  
In Hellen's wrath. Cref. What was his cauſe of anger,

Man. The noise goes this, there is amoung the Greeks,  
A Lord of Troian-bloud, Nephew to Hellen,  
They call him Iax. Cref. Good; and what of him,

Man. They ſay hee is a very man per ſe and stands alone,  
Cref. So do all men vnfleſſe the are dronke, ſicke, or haue no  
legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beaſts of their par-  
ticular addiſons, hee is as valiant as the Lyon, chaylith as  
the Beare, ſlowe as the Elephant: a man into whome nature  
hath ſo crowded humours, that his valour is cruſht into folly,  
his folly ſaued with diſcretion. there is no man hath a ver-  
tue, that he hath not a ſtaine of, nor any man in attaine, but  
he carries ſome ſtaine of it. Hee is melancholy without cauſe  
and merry againſt the haire, hee hath the loyns of every  
thing, but every thing ſo out of loynt, that hee is a growtie  
Briar, many hands, & no vſe: or purblinde Mys, & eyes,  
and no ſight. Cref.

*Cres.* But how should this man that makes me smile, make  
*Hector* angry.

*Man.* They say hee yester day tooke *Hector* in the batrell  
and stroke him downe, the disdaine and shame whereof  
hath euer since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

*Cres.* Who comes here.

*Man.* Madam your vncle *Pandarus*,

*Cres.* *Hector* a gallant man.

*Man.* As may be in the world *Lady*.

*Pand.* What's that? what's that?

*Cres.* Good morrow vncle *Pandarus*.

*Pan.* Good morrow cozen *Cres*: what doe you talk of?  
good morrow *Alexander*: how doe you cozen? when were  
you at *Illiump*?

*Cres.* This morning vncle.

*Pan.* What were you talking of when I came? I was *Hector*  
arm'd and gon ere yea came to *Illiump*, *Hellen* was not vp  
was she?

*Cres.* *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?

*Pan.* E'ne so, *Hector* was stirring early.

*Cres.* That were wee talking of, and of his anger.

*Pan.* Was he angry? *Cres.* So he saues here.

*Pan.* True hee was soe I knowe the cause to, hee lay about  
him to day I can tel them that, & ther's *Troylus* wil noe come  
farre behind him, let them take heed of *Troylus*: I can tell  
them that too.

*Cres.* What is he angry too?

*Pan.* Who *Troylus*? *Troylus* is the better man of the two:

*Cres.* Oh *Jupiter* ther's no comparison.

*Pan.* What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector*? do you know  
a man if you see him?

*Cres.* I, if I euer saw him before and knew him:

*Pan.* Well I say *Troylus* is *Troylus*:

*Cres.* Then you say as I say, for I am sure hee is not *Hector*.

*Pan.* No nor *Hector* is not *Troylus* in some degrees.

*Cres.* Tis iust, to each of them he is himselfe.

*Pan.* Himselfe, ala poore *Troylus* I would he were.

*Cres.* So he is.

*Pan.* Condition I had gone bare-foot to *India*,

*Cres.* He is not *Hector*.

*Pan.* Himselfe? no? hee's no himselfe, would a were him-  
selfe,

Selfe, well the Gods are aboue, time must friend or end well  
*Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector*  
is not a better man then *Troylus*.

*Cref.* Excuse me. *Pand.* He is elder.

*Cref.* Pardon me, pardon me.

*Pand.* Th' others not come too't, you shall tell me another  
tale when th' others come too't, *Hector* shall not haue his  
will this yeare.

*Cref.* He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.

*Pand.* Nor his qualities.

*Cref.* No matter. *Pand.* Nor his beautie.

*Cref.* Twould not become him, his own's better.

*Pand.* You haue no iudgement neece; *Helen* her selfe  
swore th' other day that *Troylus* for a blouyne fauour (*for so  
tis I must confess*) not browne either.

*Cref.* No, but browne.

*Pand.* Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

*Cref.* To say the truth, true and not true.

*Pand.* She praid his complexion aboue *Paris*.

*Cref.* Why *Paris* haue colour inough. *Pand.* So he has.

*Cref.* Then *Troylus* should haue too much, if shee praid  
him aboue, his complexion is higher then this, hee  
hauing colour enough, and the other higher, is too flanting  
a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Helen* golden  
tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper nose.

*Pand.* I sweare to you I thinke *Helen* loves him better then

*Cref.* Then shees a merry grecke indeed. (*Paris*.)

*Pand.* Nay I am sure she doest, she came to him th' other  
day into the compast window, and you know hee haue  
past three or fourre haire on his chinne.

*Cref.* Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring  
his particulars therem to a totall.

*Pand.* Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three  
pound liife as much as his brothe *Hector*.

*Cref.* Is he so yong a man, and so old a lifter.

*Pand.* But to procure to you that *Helen* loves him, this  
came and puts mee her white hand to his clouen chin.

*Cref.* I mo haue mercy, how cameis clouen?

*Pand.*

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of Troylus and Cressida.

*Pau.* Why, you know tis dimpled,  
I thinke his myling becomes him better then any man in  
all Phrigia. *Cref.* Oh he smilis valiantly.

*Pau.* Doones hee not?

*Cref.* Oh yes, and twere a clowd in *Autumne*.

*Pau.* Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen*  
loues *Troylus*.

*Cref.* *Troylus* wil stand to thee proofe if youle proue it so.

*Pau.* *Troylus*, why hee esteemes her no more then I e-  
steeeme an addle egge.

*Cref.* If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle  
head you would eat chickens iþt shell.

*Pau.* I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled  
his chin, indeed shee has a maruel's white hand I must needs  
confesse.

*Cref.* Without the rack.

*Pau.* And shee takes vpon her to spie a white heare on  
his chinne.

*Cref.* Alas poore chin many a wort is ritcher.

*Pau.* But there was such laughing, *Queene Hecuba* laughe  
that her eyes ran ore.

*Cref.* With millstones.

*Pau.* And *Cassandra* laught.

*Cref.* But there was a more temperate fire vnder the por  
of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

*Pau.* And *Hector* laught.

*Cref.* At what was all this laughing.

*Pau.* Marry at the whiteheare that *Hellen* spied on *Troy*  
iþt chin.

*Cref.* And t'had beene a greene heare I should haue  
laught too.

*Pau.* They laught not so much at the heare as at his pret-  
ty answere.

*Cref.* What was his answere?

*Pau.* Quoth shee heere's but two and fifty heires on your  
chinne; and one of them is white.

*Cref.* This is her question.

*Pau.* Thats true, make no question of that, two and fiftie  
heires

heires quoth bee, and one white, that white heire is my father, and all the restare his sonnes. *Superior* quoth shee, which of these heires is *Paris* my husband? the forked one quoth he, pluckt out and give it him: but there was such laughing, and *Helen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chaft, and all the rest so laugh that it past.

*Crus. So let it now for it has beeue a great while going by.  
Pax. Wel cozen I could you a thing yesterday, think on t.*

Gr. So I do.

¶. Ille be sworne tis true, he will weape you an' dyer a  
man borne in Aprill. Sound a trumpet.

*Cris. And he spring vp in his tears an't were a nettle-  
against May.*

Now, Hark they are comming from the field, shall we stand vp here and see them as they passe toward Ilion, good Necc do, sweete Necc Crofida.

Prof. At your pleasure

Par. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may  
see most beautly, I tell you them all by their names, as they  
pass by, but make *Troylus* above the rest. Enter *Euless*.

Crus. Speake not so lowde.

17. *Pat.* That's *Elwain*, is not that a brave man, he's one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you, but make *Troylim*, you shall see anon. *Cref.* Who's that?

Enter a Interrow.

For Thales, *adversary*, he has a sharp

Par. That's *Answer*, he has a throw a wir I can tell you, and hee's man good enough, lies one o'ch soundest judgments in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man of person, when comes *Troylus*, Ile shew you *Troylus* angry, if hee see me, you shall see him nod at me.

*Cres. Will he give you the nod?*

For You Shall See

—*Enter Flodder.*

¶. If he do the mitch shall haue more. Enter Falstaff.  
Paw. That's Hester, that, that, looke yow here, ther's a fel-  
low! goe thy way. Hester, ther's a braue man. Neece, O braue  
Hester, looke how hee lookest, ther's a countenance, if not a  
braue man?

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Pars: Is it not? it dooers a man heart good, looke you what  
hacks are on his helme, looke you yonder, do you see, looke  
you there, ther's no iesting, ther's laying on, takr off, who will  
as they say, ther be hacks.

Cref, Be those with swords.

Enter Paris.

Paris: Swords, anything he cares not, and the dinell come to  
him, its all one, by Gods lid it dooers ones heart good. Yon-  
der comes Paris, yonder comes Paris, looke yee yonder  
Neece, is not a gallant man to, is not, why this is brane now,  
who laid he came hurt home to day, Hee's not hurt, why this  
will do Hellens heart good now ha? would I could see Troy-  
lus now, you shall see Troylus anon.

Cref, Whose that?

Enter Helenus.

Paris: Thats Helenus, I maruell where Troylus is, thats He-  
lenus, I thinke he went not forth to day, thats Helenus.

Cref: Can Helenus fight vnde?

Paris: Helenus no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell  
where Troylus is, haue doe you not here the people crie  
Troylus? Helenus is a priest

Cref: What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus.

Paris: Where? yonder? thats Diaphobus. Tis Troylus  
theres a man Neece, hem? brane Troylus the Prince of  
chivaltie.

Cref: Peace for shame peace.

Paris: Marck him, note him: O brane Troylus, looke well  
vpon him Neece, looke you how his swo rd is bloudied, and  
his helme more hackt then Hectors, and how hee lookes, and  
how hee goes? O admirable youth, hee never saw three and  
twenty, go thy way Troylus, go thy way, had I a siffer were a  
grace, or a daughter a Goddesse, hee shoulde take his choice,  
O admirable man! Paris? Paris is durt to him, and I warrenz  
Hellen to change would glue an eye to boote.

Cref: Here comes more.

Paris: Asses, fooles, doults, chaff & bran, chaff & bran, porridge  
.after meate, I could liue and die in the eyas of Troylus, nere

ooke, here looke, the Eagles are gonue, crowes and dawes,  
crowes and dawes, I had rather bee such a man as *Troylus*,  
then *Agamemnon* and all Greece.

*Cref.* There is amongst the Greces *Achilles* a better  
man then *Troylus*.

*Pau.* *Achilles*, a dray-man, a porter, a very Cammell.

*Cref.* Well, well:

*Pau.* Well, well, why haue you any discretion, haue you  
any eyes, doe you know what a man is? is not birth, beauty,  
good shape, discourse, man-hood, learning, gentlenesse, ver-  
tue youth, hberallity and such like, the spice & salt that sea-  
son a man.

*Cref.* I amist man, and then to bee bak't with no date in  
the pie, for then the mans date is out:

*Pau.* You are such a woman a man knowes not at what  
ward you lie.

*Cref.* Vpon my backe to defend my bellie, vpon my wit  
to defend my wiles, vpon my secrecy to defend mine honest-  
ty, my maske to defend my beauty, and you to defend all  
these: and at al these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

*Pau.* Say one of your watches.

*Cref.* Nay Ile watch you for that; and that's one of the  
chiefest of them two: If I cannot ward what I wuld not  
haue hit: I can watch you for telling how I tooke the blowe.  
vnlesse it well past hiding and then its past watching:

*Pau.* You are such another:

*Enter Boy:*

*Boy.* Sir my Lord would instantlie speake with you.

*Pau.* Where?

*Boy.* At your owne house there he vnarmes hims

*Pau.* Good boy tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt, fare ye  
well good Neice: *Cref.* Adiew vncle

*Pau.* I wilbe with you Neice by and by:

*Cref.* To bring vncle: *Pau.* I a token from *Troylus*.

*Cref.* By the same token you are a Bawde,

Words, vowes, guifts, teares and loues full sacrificizes

He offrs in anothers enterprize,

But more in *Troylus* thousand scould I see,

Then in the glasse of *Pau*ers praise may bee:

*Yet*

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Yet hold I off: women are angels wroing,  
Things woone 'ara done, joyes soule lies in the doolng.  
I hat shew belou'd, knows naught that knows not this,  
Men price the thing vngaind more then it is,  
That she was neuer yet that ever knew  
Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue,  
Therefore this maxim out of loue I teach,  
Achievment is command; vngaind by search,  
Then though my hearts content firme loue doth beare,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*

*Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes,*

*Menelaus with others.*

*Ag.* Princes, what grieve hath set these Iaudies ore your  
The ample proposition that hope makes, (cheeked)  
In all designes begun on earth below,  
Failes in the promist largenesse, checks and disasters,  
Grow in the vaines of actions highest reard.  
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infects the sound Pine, and diverts his graine,  
Tortue and errant from his course of growth.  
Nor Princes is it matter new to vs,  
That we come short of our suppose so farre,  
That after seauen yeares siege, yet Troy walls stand,  
Sich euer action that hath gone before,  
Whereof we haue record, triall did draw,  
Bias and thwart: not answering the syme,  
And that vnbodied figure of the thought,  
That gau't surmised shape: why then you Princes,  
Do you wish cheeke's abasht behold our workes,  
And call them shames which are indeed naught else,  
But the protractiue tryals of great *ione*,  
To finde perisitue constancie in men,  
The finenesse of which mettall is not found,  
In fortunes loue: for then the bould and coward,  
The wise and soole, the Artist and vntread,  
The hard and soft seeme all affyn'd and kin,  
But in the winde and tem' est of her frowne,  
Distinction with a brat and powerfull fan,

Puffing at all, winnowes the light away,  
And what hath inesse or matter by it selfe,  
Lyes rich in vertue and vningled.

*Neflor.* With due obseruance of the godlike seate,  
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neflor* shall apply  
Thy lateit words, In the reproofe of chance,  
Lies the true prooef of men: the sea being smooth,  
How many shallow baubie boates dare fail,  
Vpon her ancient brest, making their way  
With those of nobler bulke?  
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage  
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold  
The strong ribbd barke through liquid mountaines cut,  
Bounding betweene the two moylt elements,  
Like *Perseus* horse. Where's then the sawcie boate,  
Whose weake vntymberd sides but euen now  
Corruiald greatnesse either to harbor fled,  
Or made a tosse for *Neptrine*: euen so  
Doth valours shew, and valours worth deuide  
In stormes of fortune; for in her ray and brightnesse  
The heard hath more annoyance by the Bryze  
Then by the Tyger, but when the splitting wind,  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Okes,  
And Flies fled vnder shade, why then the thing of courage,  
As rouzd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
And with an accent tun'd in selfe same key,  
Retires to chiding fortune.

*Ulix. Agamemnon,*  
Thou great Commander, nerves and bone of Greece,  
Heart of our numbers, soule and onely spright,  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
Should be shur vp: heere what *Ulix* speakes,  
Besides th' applause and approbation,  
The which most mighty (for thy place and sway  
And thou most reverend) for the stretcht out iife,  
I giue to both your speeches; which were such  
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece,  
Should hold vp high in brasie, and such againe

As venerable *Nosfer* (hatcht in silver)  
Should with a bond of syre strong as the Axel-tree,  
(On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish eares  
To his experienc't tongue, yet let it please both  
Thou great and wise, to heare *Vlisses* speake,  
Troy yet vpon his bases had beene downe,  
And the great *Hectors* sword had lackt a master.  
But for these instances.  
The specialtie of rule hath beene neglected,  
And looke how many Grecian tents do stand,  
Hollow vpon this plaine, so many hollow factions,  
When that the generall is not like the hiue,  
To whom the forragers shall all repaire,  
What honey is expected? Degree being visarded  
Th' vnworthieft shewes as faint in the maske.  
The heauenis them-selues, the plannets and this center  
Obserue degree, priorite and place,  
In fiture, course, proportion, season, forme,  
Office and custome, in all line of order.  
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol,  
In noble emmence enthron'd and spher'd,  
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye,  
Corrects the influence of euill Planets,  
And postis like the Commandmēts of a King,  
Sans check to good and bad. But when the Planets,  
In euill mixture to disorder wander,  
What plague, and what portents, what mutinie?  
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth?  
Commotion in the winds, fightes, changes, horrors  
Diuert and crack, rend and deracinate,  
The vnitie and married calme of states  
Quite from their fisure: O when degree is shakt,  
Which is the ladder of all high designes,  
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,  
Degrees in schooles, and brother-hoodes in Cities,  
Peccefule commerce from deuidable shores,  
The primogenitiē and due of birth,  
Prerogatiue of age, crownes, scepters, lawres,

Byby degree stand in authentique place :  
Take but degree away, vntune that string,  
And hatke what discord followes, each thing melts  
In meere oppugnancie the bounded waters,  
Should lift their bosomes higher then the shores,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe:  
Strength should be Lord of imbecilitie,  
And the ruder sonne should strike his father dead.  
Force should be right or rather right and wrong,  
(*Betweene whose enemis iarr Injustice recides*)  
Should loose their names, and so should Justice to ?  
Then every thing include it selfe in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite,  
And appetite an yniuersall Woolfe,  
(So doubly seconded with will and power )  
Must make perforse an yniuersall prey,  
And last eate vp himselfe.

*Great Agamemnon,*  
This chas when degree is suffocate,  
Followes the choaking.  
And this neglecion of degree it is,  
That by a pace goes backward with a purpose  
It hath to clime. The generalls disdaind,  
By him one step below, he by the next,  
That next by him beneath, so every step,  
ExAMPL'd by the first pace that is sick  
Of his superior, growes to an emious feuer  
Of pale and bloodie emulacion,  
And 'tis this feuer that keepes Troy on foote,  
Not her owne sinnew. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weake[n]esse stands not in her strength.

*No[n]ster.* Most wisely hath *Ulysses* here discouerd,  
The feuer whereof all our power is sick.

*Agamemnon.* The nature of the sicknesse found *Ulysses*  
What is the remedie ?

*Ulysses.* The great *Achilles* whom opinion crownes,  
The sinnow and the sore-hand of our hodie,  
Hasing his care full of his syrie fame,

*Grives*

9

*of Troylus and Cressida.*

Growes dainty of his swarth, and in his Tent, Vol 10 fol 102  
Lies mocking our deignes, with him *Parriculer* stuffe. A  
Vpon a lazie bed the line-long day, i with a bath, bath'd  
Breakes scurrelliefts, *and* i with a bath, bath'd  
And with ridiculous and fillie action, *and* i with a bath, bath'd  
Which (flanderer) he Imitation calls, *and* i with a bath, bath'd  
He pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*, *and* a domine  
Thy topleffe deputacion he puts on, *and* i with a bath, bath'd  
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit  
Lyes in his ham-string, and doth chinke i stich *and* a bath, bath'd  
To heere the wooddes disingue and found, *and* i with a bath, bath'd  
Twixt his stretcht footinge and the *Scopollage*, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Such to be pitied and one-estefted seeming, *and* a bath, bath'd  
He acts thy greatness in, And when he speakes, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Tis like a chime a mending, with temes vnsuite, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Which from the congue of roaring *Tiber* droppe, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Would seeme hyperboles, as this fustie stuffe, *and* a bath, bath'd  
The large *Achilles* on his prest bed selling, *and* a bath, bath'd  
From his deepe chest laughes out a lowd applause, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Cries excellent; 'tis *Agamemnon* right, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Now play me *Nosfer* hem and stroake thy beard, *and* a bath, bath'd  
As he being drest to some Oration, *and* a bath, bath'd  
That's done, as we exell the exercesse, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Of paralells, aslike as *Ulysses* and his wifer, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Yet god *Achilles* still cries excellent, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Tis *Nosfer* right: now play him me *Patrebus*, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Arming to answer in a night alarme, *and* a bath, bath'd  
And then forsooch the faint defects of age, being holde, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Must be the scene of myrth, to, *coffee and spit*, *and* a bath, bath'd  
And with a palsie fumbling on his gorge, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Shake in and out the river, and at this sport *and* a bath, bath'd  
Sir valour dyes, cryes O enough *Patrebus*, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Or give me ribbs off Steele, I shall spinnall, *and* a bath, bath'd  
In pleasure of my spleene, and in this fashion, *and* a bath, bath'd  
All our abilities, guifts, natures shapes, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Severalls and generalls of yngre exalte, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Achiuments, plots, ordery, preuentions, *and* a bath, bath'd  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truch, *and* a bath, bath'd

Success or losse, what is not in noyse,  
As flusse for these tweto make parades;

*Nest.* And in the iugurition of the twaine;

Who as *Vlisses* layes opinion crovnes,  
With an imperiall voyce many are infect;  
Aix is growne selfe-wild, and beares his head  
In such a reyne, in full a proud a place  
A broad *Achilles* keeps his Tent like him,  
Makes factious faults, vailes on our state of warre,  
Bould as an Oracle, and sets *Thurfes*  
A slau, whose gall coynes flambets like a mine,  
To match vain championis with durt,  
To weaken our discrete, our expuse  
How ranke fuisse rewarded in with danger.

*Vlisses.* They take our policies, and call it cowardice,  
Count wiðomis as no number of the waare,  
Postall prescience, had effecte no aye  
But that of hand, the still and mentall parts,  
That do cōtriper how many hands shall stike,  
When fimeſſe calls them on, and know by measure  
Of their obſeauanteyle the enemis weight,  
Why this hath not a finger dignisitie,  
They call this balaſte, mappy, Cloſer warre,  
So that the Ram that batters downe the wall,  
For the great ſwinge and midonelle of his poſe,  
They place before his hand that made the engine,  
Or thofe that with the ſurſe of their ſoſles  
By reſon guide his execution;

*Nest.* Let thiſe granted, and *Achilles* horſe,  
Makes many *Thurus* ſonnes,

*Agam.* What crampet I looke! *Mene* am I  
*Mene.* From Troy;

*Agam.* What would you haue our debt redid our ſonnes?

*Mene.* Is this great *Agamemnon* ſte I pray you?

*Agam.* Even this,

*Mene.* May one that is a Herſild and a Prince,  
Do a faire meſſe to his Kingly eyts?

*Agam.* With kinde ſyſtonger than *Mene* am I

*Fare*

Fore all the Greckish heads, which with one vido,  
Call Agamemnon head and generall.

Agam. Faire leave and large security, how may  
A strangeto those mortall imperiallookes,  
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Eur. I; I asketh that I might waken reverence,  
And bid the cheeke be ready with a blifh, (Phabur,  
Modell as morning, when shee coldly eyes the youthfull  
Which is that god, in office guiding men,  
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon.

Agam. This Troyan scornes vs, or the men of Troy,  
Are ceremonious Courtiers?

Eur. Courtiers as free as debonaire, vnam'd  
As bending Angels, that their same is peace:  
But when they would seeme soldiers, they haue galls,  
Good armes, strong iointes, true sword, & great ones accord  
Nothing so full of heart: but peace & quiet,  
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,  
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth,  
If that the praisd him selfe bring the praise forth.  
But what the reining enemy commands,  
That breach same blowes, that praise sole pure transcends,

Agam. Sir you of Troy, tally you your selfe & selfe?

Eur. I Greeke, that is my name.

Agam. Whats your affaires I pray you?

Eur. Sir pardon, tis for Agamemnons care.

Agam. He heers me naught privately that comes from Troy.

Eur. Nor I from Troy come not a whisper with him,  
I bring a trumpet to awake his este,  
To set his seat on that attenuate bent,  
And then to speake.

Agam. Speake frankly as the wind,  
It is not Agamemnon sleeping houte;  
That thou shal know Troyan he is awake,  
Hee telles thee so himselfe.

Eur. Trumpet blowe aloud,  
Send thy brasse voyer through all these lonic tentes,

all

C 2

And

And every shibber of him selfe, him to his wifes, O  
What Troy meanes fairely, shall gibe spole alowder, yea  
We haue great greate vaine dungs in Troy, al this wylle,  
A Prince calld *Hector*, sonne to his father, i say, a strong man, A  
Who in his dull and longe summe droug, most men i wold  
Is reslie growne : He bad me take a Trumpet, wolt, may  
And to this purpse specially, Trumpes, Princes, Lords, wold  
I felice to by one smal shesafte of Grecce, and bid he A  
That holds his honour highester after this case, nowe a habbe M  
And feeds his prale, more then he feareth his pettie, i doone /  
That knowes his hummung, knothe, i use his fure, i aight //  
That loues thosse more then in confesse, I aight.  
(With truant yowes to her ownelips he loues) conhaic 3: A  
And dare abyde her beaute, and her wort,  
In other armes then heis to him that challenge, sailing d. A  
*Hector* in view of Troy, and of Grecce, wylle, i say, and  
Shalton to be good, wylle he selfe to do it, wylle, i say, and  
He hath a Lady, wifes, falver, quene, wylde to him of gold, i say  
Then euer Grecce did thought to hym selfe, never to see  
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call, i say, i say, all  
Mid-way betwixt your bentz and walls of Troy, i say, i say, all  
To rouze a Grecian that is stur, i say, i say, all  
If any comynge, wylle, shal be pellat, wold, i say, i say, all  
If none, heele say in Troy, wylde he say, i say, i say, all  
The Grecian dames are sumburn, and the wortys, i say, i say, all  
The splinter of a Lassop, Ech, for miche, i say, i say, all  
Agaw. This shall be vnde me lassys, Lassys, i say, i say, all

If none, wylde he say, i say, i say, i say, all  
Woldest, wylde he say, i say, i say, i say, all  
And may that souldier a mistercreeke psoone, i say, i say, all  
That meanes not, hath me dehoun in leut, i say, i say, all  
If then one is, or hath a meanes to be, i say, i say, all  
That one meetes *Hector*, i say, i say, i say, i say, all

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, i say, i say, i say, i say, all  
When *Hector* graffed on his selfe, i say, i say, i say, i say, all  
But if there be not in our Grecian hole, i say, i say, i say, i say, all  
A noble man that hath no sparkle affred, i say, i say, i say, i say, all  
To answere for this, i say, i say, i say, i say, all  
be A

Ile hide my siluet in this gold of banes,  
And in my vambrace, where my brane is to be,  
And meeting him tell him that my body, for the sole,  
Was fairer then his grandeyson as chaff,  
As may bee in the world (his yarde in blood)  
Ile prove this troth with my three draps of bloud.

*Ene.* Now heauens for ffeindes sake forfayle of them  
*Vlfs.* Amen faire Lord of Iherusalem, I  
To our pavillion shall I headey on sayle, as son of agnus,  
*Achilles* shall haue word of this iherusalem,  
So shall each Lord of Greece from tent to tent,  
Yourselue shall feare wch vs before you goe,  
And finde the wretchednes of a noble soule.

*Vlfs.* Nestor. *Vlfs.* Whos sides  
*Vlfs.* I haue yong concepcion in my braine,  
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* Whas id? *Vlfs.* Blame wchget this hard knom the seeded pride,  
That shal be this answere shewen, shal well shew  
In ranke *Achilles* must or now be crept,  
Or shedding breoste a noysome of like cum,  
To over-bulk vs all. *Nest.* Well and how?  
*Vlfs.* This shalling that the gallous *Achilles* lades,  
How euer it is spread in generall name,  
Relateth in purpose onely to *Achilles*.

*Nest.* True the purpose is peripicious as substance,  
Whose grefesesse little chacebus han vs  
And in the publication make no streme, as people of will  
But that *Achilles* wend his brane, as barren,  
As banks of libis (though Apollo knowes  
*Tis dry enough) will with great speed of judgement,  
I wch cerelity finde *Achilles* purpose, pointing on him.*

*Vlfs.* And waketh me to the answere think you  
*Nest.* Why tis most weare, who may you see oppose,  
That can frong *Achilles* bring those honours off,  
If not *Achilles*, though he be a sportfull comber  
Yet in the triall much-espition dwellest  
For here the Trojans set out deafe reprise,

With their fin' st pallat, and truthe or me Dibbs  
Our imputation shalbe odly poizde  
In this vilde action for the successe,  
Although perticuler shall give a scantling  
Of good or bad vnto the generall,  
And in such *indres* (although small pricks  
To their subsequent volumes) there is scene,  
The baby figure of the *giant* stalle,  
Of things to come at large: It is suppos'd  
He that meetes *Hector*, yllies from our choice,  
And choice (being mutuall act of all our soules)  
Makes merit her election, and doth boyle,  
(As twere from forth vs all) a man distill'd  
Out of our vertues, who miscarrying,  
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,  
To steele a strong opinion to them selues.

*Vliss.* Give pardon to my speech? therefore tis meete,  
*Achilles* meete not *Hector*, let vs like Marchants  
First shew foule wares, and thinke perchance theile sell;  
If not, the last of the better shall exceed,  
By shewing the worse first: do not consent,  
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meet,  
For both our honour and our shame in this, are dog'd with  
two strange followers.

*Nef.* I see them not with my old eyes what are they?  
*Vliss.* What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*  
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:  
But he already is too insolent,  
And it were better par'ch in Afrique Sunne,  
Then in the pride and fault scorne of his eyes  
Should he scape *Hector* faire. If he were foild,  
Why then we do our maine opinion crafte  
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery  
And by devise let blockish Aier draw  
The sort to fight with *Hector*, among our selues,  
Give him allowance for the better man,  
For that will phisick the great Myrmidon,  
Who broyles in loud applause, and make him fall.

12

*of Troy and Creſſida.*

His crest that prouder thenblew his bands,  
If the dull-brain'de *Ajax* come ſafe off  
Weele drefſe him vp in voices, if he ſaile  
Yet go we vnder our opinion ſtill,  
That we haue better men, but hit or miſſe,  
Our projects ſe this ſhape of ſenſe affumes  
*Ajax* implo'yd plucks downe *Arballe* plumes.  
*Nef*. Now *Thersites* I begin to reliſh thy aduife,  
And I will giue a taste thereof forthwith.  
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him ſtraight  
Two curtes ſhall tame each other, pride moſe  
Muff are the maſtiffs on, as e're a houſe.

*Ereſt.*

Enter *Ajax* and *Thersites*.

*Ajax*. *Thersites*.  
*Ther*, *Agamemnon*, how if he had bi'es, full, all ouer, gene-  
rally. *Ajax*. *Thersites*.

*Ther*: And iſe byles did ſkin (ſay ſo), did not the gene-  
rall run then, were not that a borchy coro. *Ajax*. Dogge.

*Ther*. Then would come ſome matter from him, I ſee none  
now.

*Ajax*: Thou bitchwolfs ſon canſt thou not heare, ſeole then,  
*Ther*. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou among tell beſe  
witted Lord.

*Ajax*. Speake then thou unſalted leauen, ſpeake, I will beate  
thee into hanſomneſſe.

*Ther*. I ſhall ſooner ſalle thee into wiſe and holineſſe, but I  
thinke thy horſe will ſooner canne quoracion without  
booke, then thou leaue prier without booke, thou canſt  
ſtrike canſt thou a red murion aſt thy Iades trickes.

*Ajax*. To deſtoole? leaue me the proclamation.

*Ther*: Doſt thou thinke I haue no ſenſe thou ſtrikeſt mee  
thus? *Ajax*: The proclamation.

*Ther*: Thou art proclaim'd foole I thinke.

*Ajax*. Do not Porpentin, do not, my fingers itch.

*Ther*. I would thou diſt itch from head to ſoote, and I had  
the ſcratching of the, I would make thee the lothfomeſt ſcab  
in Greece, when thou art forth in the incuſions, thou ſtrikeſt  
as blow as another.

*Ajax*:

Ajax. I say the proclamation.

Uther. Thou gromblest and sayest every houer on Achil-  
les, and thou art as full of envy as his greatnesse, as *Corbantes*  
is at *Proserpinae* beauty, I thinke thou basteft at him.

Ajax. Mistres *Therfies*.

Uther. Thou shouldest strike him. *Ajax Gablote*,  
Iee would punne thee into shivers with his fist, as a sayler  
breakes a bisket, you boston curre, Do? do?

Ajax. Thou foole for a witch.

Uther. I, Do? do? thou sodden wisted-lead, thou haft  
no more braine then I haue in mine elbowe, as *Ajax*  
may euer thee, you scurvy valians affe, thou art boore but to  
thrash Troyans, and thou art bought and sould among those  
of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou wised me I  
will beginne at thy heele, and tell what thou art by yaches,  
thou thing of no bewells thou.

Ajax. You doge. Uther. You scurvy Lord.

Ajax. You curre.

Uther. Marchis Idiot, do nudenesse, do Camel, do, do.

Achil. Why how now *Ajax* wherefore do yee thus, on  
How now *Therfies* what the master man, he shal

Uther. You see him there do yee? to suggeste it.

Achil. I whathe the matter. Uther. Nay looke upon him.

Achil. So I do, whatthe master do? nadie is need.

Uther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why so I do, as if hee were a King.

Uther. But yet you looke not well vpon him, for who sonde  
ever you take him to be he is. *Ajax* wot's next, exond

Achil. I know that foole. *Ajax* haue a good flane colde.

Uther. I but that foole knowes not himselfe.

Ajax. Therefore I beare thee, *Ajax* and I shall beare.

Uther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what madnesse of wiske vters, his eu-  
sions haue eares that keepe, I haue bubb'd his braine before then  
he haue beate my bones, It will buy nine sparrowes for a pen-  
ny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a spar-  
row: this Lord (*Achilles*). *Ajax*, who weares his wit in his bel-  
ly, and his guts in his head, I tell you whist Nay of him? ex-

Achil. What. Uther. If say this *Ajax*, and none as wot's ex-

Achil.

of Troy and Greece,

*Achil.* Nay good *Ajax*, *Ther.* Has not so much wit,  
*Achil.* Nay I must helpe you. *Ther.* As will stop the eye of *Hellas* needle, for whom  
 he comes to fight. *Achil.* Peace foole? *Ther.* I would have peace and quietnesse, but the foole  
 will not he there, that be a looke you there! *Ajax.* Oh thou damned curse I shall —————  
*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a foole? *Ther.* No I warrant you the foole will shame it.  
*Patre.* Good words *Therifas*. *Achil.* What's the quarrell.  
*Ajax.* I had the vyle oute goe I came mee the tenor of the  
 proclamation, and he tailest upon me. *Ther.* I serve thee no<sup>t</sup>. *Ajax.* Well, go to go to.  
*Ther.* I felte here voluntary. *Achil.* Your last service was suffrance: twas not voluntary,  
 no man is beaten voluntary. *Ajax.* Was here the voluntary,  
 and you as vnderen impell. *Ther.* Blene so, a great deale of your wite to lies in your  
 sinnewes, or els there bee hers, *Ther.* I shall haue a great  
 catch and knocke at either of your beanes, a were as good  
 crack a fusty nut with no ketell. *Achil.* What with me to *Therifas*, *Ajax* to —————  
*Ther.* Ther's *Therifas* and old *Ajax*, whose wit was meidly  
 ere their grandfathers had hailes, yoke you like draught oxen,  
 and make you plough vp the war. *Achil.* What? what?  
*Ther.* Yes good sooth to *Achilles* to *Ajax*, to —————  
*Ajax.* I shall haue ouer your taegues. *Ther.* Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou after.  
*Patre.* No more wordis *Therifas* peace. *Ther.* I will hold my peace when *Achilles* brooch bids me.  
*Achil.* There's for you *Patre*. *Ther.* I will see you hang'd like *Clapoles*, ere I come any  
 more to your tents, I will keepe where there is wit flurring,  
 and leane the faction of fooles. *Exit.*  
*Patre.* A good riddance.  
*Achil.* Marry this fit is proclaim'd through all our hostie,  
 That *Hector* by the first hour of the Sunnes.

Will with a trumpet twix our Tents and Troy,  
To morrow morning call some Knight to arms,  
That hath a stomack, and such a one that dare,  
Maintaine I know not what, (tis trash) farewell! ———

Alex. Farewell, who shall answer him.

Achil. I know not, tis put to lottery, otherwise,  
He knew his man.

Alex. O meaning you? I will go learme more of it.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.

Priam. After so many hours, lynes, speeches spent,  
Thus once againe saies *Ne for* from the Grecians.

Deliver Helen, and all damage ait,  
As honour, losse of time, travell, expence,  
Wounds, friends and what els deserve that is consum'd  
In hot digestion of this mortuor warre)

Shalbe stoke off, Hector what say you to it?

Hector. Though no man lefster leave the Greeks then I,  
As farre as toucheth my particular yet dead Priam,  
There is no Lady of more softes, howells,  
More spungy to suck in the sense of scarre,  
More ready to cry out, who knowes what follows  
Then Hector is the a sound of peace is surely  
Surchly'scure, but quicke doubt is child.  
The heape of the wiles, the tent that serches,  
Too th' bottome of the worst let *Hellen* go,  
Since the first sworde was drawne about this question  
Every rich soule 'mongst many thousand dimer,  
Hath boene as deere as *Hellen*. I meane of ours,  
If we hang losse so many gentles of ours,  
To guard a thing ne our, nor worthio vs,  
(Had it our name) the valew of one sea,  
What merits in that reason which deifies,  
The yealding other vp?

Troy. Fie, fie, my brother,  
Way yow she worth and honoures of a King,  
So great as our dread fathers in a scale  
Of countnes diances? will you with *Compters summe*,  
The past proportion of his infinite

And

*of Troylus and Cressida.*

And buckle in, a walle most fathomies,  
With spanes and inches so dynimate,  
As feates and reasons: lie for Godly shame?

*Hel.* No maruell though you bite so sharpe of reasons,  
You are so empty of them should not our father;  
Bear the great sway of his affaires with reason,  
Because your speech hath none that tell him so?

*Troy.* You are for dreames and flumbers brother Pritch,  
You surre your gloves with reason, here are your reasons  
You know an enemy intendes you harme:  
You know y<sup>e</sup> sword imploydes perious  
And reason flies the obiect of all harme.  
Who maruell eth when *Helenus* beholdes,  
A Grecian and his swerd, if he do see  
The very wings of reason to his heeles,  
And flie like chidden *Mary* from *Isa*:  
Or like a starte disordred? say if we talkte of reason,  
Sets shur our gates and sleepes a man-hood and honour,  
Should haue haue hearts, would they but fix their thoughts  
With this crassid reason, reason and respect,  
Make lyuers pale, and luff-hond deafe.

*Hel.* Brother, shre is not worth, what thee doth taft the  
keeping.

*Troy.* Whars aught bitt as tisvalued.

*Hel.* But valem dwelle not in particular will,  
It holds his estimate and dignity,  
As well wherein tis precious of it selfe  
As in the prizer, tis madde Idiottry  
To make the sentence greater then the God,  
And the will dores that is attributie;  
To what infectiously is selfe affects,  
Without some image of th' affected merke,

*Troy.* I take to day a wife, and my election:  
Is led on in the conduct of my will,  
My will enkindled by mine eyēs and eases,  
Two tradid pilotes twixt the dangerous shore,  
Of will and Judgement: how may I suoyde?  
(Although my will distast what is elec<sup>t</sup>ed)

The wife I choose, there can be no cushion,  
To brench from this and so stand firme by honor,  
We turne not backe the sulkes wpon the marchants  
When we have sold them, nor the remainder ilands,  
We do not throw in vngresse true,  
Because we now are full, it was thoughts me to  
P<sup>t</sup> s should do some vengeance on the Greeks,  
Your breth with full content bellied his sailes,  
The sea and winds (old wranglers) wooke a truce:  
And did him seruice, hee toucht the ports desir'd.  
And for an old aunt wherin the Greeks held Captiuie,  
He brought a Grecian Queene, whose youth and freschnesse,  
Wrinkles Apollo, had makes pale the morning,  
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keeps our Aunt,  
Is she worth keeping? why shew is a peare,  
Whose price hath laish'd above a thousand ships  
And turn'd crown'd King to Marchant,  
If youll assent to this woldome Pow<sup>t</sup> were,  
At your mast needs, for you all tri'd go, go,  
If youle confess he brought home worthy prises  
As you must needs, for you all, clost your hands,  
And cryd in selfe blisshes by day and night,  
They issue of your proper wisdome rate,  
And do a deed that naturall soule did,  
Begger the estimation, which you giv'd  
Riccher then sea and land! O thef! most base,  
That wee haue stolne, what wrode force to keep,  
But theue, unworthy of aking so stolne,  
That in their country did them shat obtrachal,  
We feare to warrant in our staine place:

Enter Cassandra running. *She is in a fury*  
Cass. Cry Troyans try to see me smotred  
Priam. What noise? what stirre is this? or else I  
Troy. Tis our madde suffire doth know where ye are? no bale  
(Cass. Cry Troyans try to see me smotred)  
Cass. Cry Troyans try, leyd me ten thousand eyes,  
And I will fill them with propheticke teares.  
Hector. Peace sister peace! and we fit full like you  
Cass.

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*Cass. Virgins and boys, mid-age, and wrinckles blidene,*  
*Soft infancie, that nothing canst but crie,*

*Addē to my clamours : let vs pay the times.*

*A moytie of that mase of mōre to come :*

*Crie *Troyans* crie, pralise your eyes with teares,*

*Troy must not bee, nor goodly I lion stand.*

*Our fire-brand brother *Paris* bunes vs all,*

*Crie *Trovans* crie, a *Helle* and a woe,*

*Crie, crie, Troy bates, neele le *Helle* goe.*

*Enter *Helle**

*Helle. Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not these high straines,*

*Of diuination in our Sister, worke*

*Some touches of remorsse, or is your bloud*

*So madly hott, that no discoufe of reason,*

*Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,*

*C. in qualifie the same ?*

*Troy. Why brother *Helle*,*

*We may not thinke the iustnesse of each act*

*Such, and no other shewes doth shewe in,*

*Nor once deieft the couraige of our mindes,*

*Because *Cassandra*'s madde, her braine sick raptures,*

*Cannot dilat the goodnessse of a quarrell,*

*Which hath our severall honor all engag'd,*

*To make it gracious. For my private part,*

*I am no more scrupulouse then all Priuie soubties :*

*And *Ioue* forbiddeth me shoulde done amoungst vs,*

*Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,*

*To fight for and maintaine.*

*Par. Else might the world conuince of iusticie,*

*As well my vndesaykinge as your counselle,*

*But I arteft the gods, your full consent,*

*Gave wings to my propension, and eue off*

*All feares attending on so dire a project,*

*For what ( alas ) can this be my single armes,*

*What propugnation is in one mans loue,*

*To stond the puissant councie of thosetho, but to do vs wt,*

*This quarrell wou'd excite. Yet I proteste,*

*We're I alone to passe the difficulties,*

*And had as ample power, as I haue will,*

Paris should ne're return, what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursue;

Pria. Paris you speake

Like one he-sorted on your sweet delights,  
You haue the honey full, but theſe the gall,  
So to be valiant, is no paſte at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not mortally to my ſelfe,  
The pl:atiuers ſuch a beuorie brings with it,  
But I would haue the ſoule of her faire ripe,  
Wip't of in honorable keeping her,  
What treaſon were it to the rafackt queene,  
Disgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,  
Now to deliuer her, poliſh'd vnp  
On termes of base compulſion? can it be,  
That ſo degenerate a ſtraine as this,  
Should once ſet fooring in your generous bosome?  
There's not the meaner ſpirit on our party,  
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to drawe,  
When Helen is defrauded: nor none ſo noble,  
Whose life were ill beſtow'd, or deaſt vnfawnd,  
Where Helen is the ſubiect. Then I ſay,  
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,  
The worlds large ſpaces cannot parcell.

Hell. Paris and Troylus, you haue both ſaid well,  
And on the caufe and queſtion now in hand,  
Haue glor'd, but ſuperficially, not much  
Unlike young men, whom affrighted thoughts  
Vnfix to heire Moral Philofophie,  
The reaſons you alleadge, do more conduce  
To the hot paſſion of diſtempred bloudy greate  
Then to make vp a ſure determination vpon queſtions  
Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge,  
Haue eare more draſt than Adders for the ſoyce  
Of any true deſicion. Nature creates a noſte in you,  
All dues be rendred to their owners. Now  
What neerer debt in all humātie,  
Then wife is to the husband? if this living  
Of nature be corrupted through affection

And

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And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,  
To their bemimmed wills refit the same,  
There is a lawe in each well-ordered nation,  
To curbe those raging appetites that are  
Most disobedient and refractory,  
If *Helen* then be wife to *Spyetes* King,  
As it is knowne she is the moeſt lawes  
Of nature and of nations, speake alowd  
To haue her back returnd: thus to perfitt  
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heinous. *Helens* opinion  
Is this in way of truth, yet were the leſſe,  
My ſprightly brethren, I propend to you  
In reſolution to keepe *Helen* ſtill,  
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no meane dependance,  
Upon our ioynt and ſeuerall dignities.

*Tip.* Why there you ſouche the life of our deſignes,  
Were it not glory that we more affefted,  
Then the performance of ou'reheuing ſplendor,  
I would not with a drop of Troyan blood,  
Spent more in her defence, But worthy *Helen*,  
She is a theame of honour and renowne,  
A ſpurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,  
Whose preſent courage may beate downe our foemen,  
And fame in time to come canonize vs,  
For I preſume braue *Helen* would not loſe  
So rich aduantage of a promiſed glory,  
As ſmiles upon the fore-head of this offſpring,  
For the wide worldes renowne.

*Helen.* I am yours,  
You valiant offſpring of great *Priam*,  
I haue a roſtling ſhall nepeſte amongſt  
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,  
VVill ſhinke amazement to their drooueſe ſpirites,  
I was aduertizd, their great general ſleepe,  
VVhilſt emulatiōn in the armie crepte,  
This I preſume will wake him.

*Enter Thersites*

How now *Thersites*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy furie? shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I rail at him: 'O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could beate him, whilst hee raid at mee: Scoote, hee learne to coniure and raise *Dinachs*, but hee losse some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a rare inginer. If Troy bee not taken till these two vnder-mine it, the walls will stand till they fall of them-selues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Jove* the king of gods: and *Morality*, looke all the Serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if yee take not that little lit'e lese then little wittie from them that they haue: which short-arm'd Ignorance it selfe knowes is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deluere a flye from a spider, without drawing their mafie Irons, and cutting the web. After this the vengeance on the whole camppe, or rather the Neopolitan bone-ache: for that will thinkes is the curse depending on those that warre for a p'scket. I haue said my prayers, and diuell *Ennies* say *Amen*. What ha my Lord *Achilles*?

*Patre*. Whose there? *Thersites*? good *Thersites* come in and raile.

*Thers.* If I could a remembred a greate counterfeit, thou couldst not haue slipt out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common curse of mankinde, Folly and Ignorance, be thine in great reunew: Heaven bleste thee from thy tutor, and discipline come not neare thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death: then if she that layes thee out sayes thou art not a faire tourse, hee be sworne and sworne vpon't, shee never shrowded any but lazars. *Amen*. Where's *Achilles*?

*Patre*. What art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

*Thers.* I the heauens heave me.

*Patre*. Amen. *Enter Achilles*.

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patre*. *Thersites*. my Lord.

*Achil.* Where? where? O where? art thou come why my cheese,

of Troilus and Cressida.

cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thy selfe into  
my tab'e, so many meales, come what's *Agamemnon*?

*Ther. Thy commander Achilles, then tell me Patroclus,  
whats Achilles?*

*Patro. Thy Lord Thersites. Then tell mee I pray thee,  
what's Thersites?*

Ther, Thy knower, Patroclus; then tell mee Patroclus,  
what art thou?

*Patro.* Thou must tell that knowest.

*Achit. O tell, tell.*

710. He decline the whole question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*. *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* knowner, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

*Acbsl. Derive this? come?*

*Thers. Agamemnon is a foole to offer to command Achilles, Achilles is a foole to be commanded. Thersites is a foole to serue such a foole, and this Patroclus is a foole positive.*

*Patr. Why am I a foole?*

Ther. Make that demand of the Prouer, it suffices mee  
thou art : looke you, who comes heere?

Enter Agam: Vliss: Nestor, Diomed, Ajax & Calcas.

*Achil. Come Parclaw, Ile speake with no body : come in with me Therfises.*

Ther. Here is such patcherie, such iugling, and such knavery: all the argument is a whore, and a Cuckold, a good quarrell to draw emulous factions, & bleed to death vpon,

Agam. Where is Achilles?

*Patro. Within his tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.*

*Age. Let it be known to him, that we are here.*

**He sent our messengers and we lay by,**

**Our appertainings, visiting of him**

Let him be to'd so, least perchance he thinke,

**We dare not move the gun.**

know not what we are.

*Parrot. I shall say so to him.*

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*Ajax. Yes Lion sick, sick of proud heart, you may call it.*

melancholy if you will favour the man. But by my head tis  
pride : but why, why let him shew vs a cause ?

*Nef.* What moues *Ajax* thus to bay at him ?

*Vliss.* Achilles hath inuegled his foole from him,

*Nef.* Who *Thersites* ? *Vliss.* He.

*Nef.* The wil *Ajax* lack matter, if he haue lost his argument,

*Vliss.* No you see he is his argument, that has his argument  
*Achilles.*

*Nef.* All the better, their faktion is more our wish then their  
faction, but it was a strōg composure a foole could disunite.

*Vliss.* The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easilly vntie,  
Heere comes *Patroclus*. *Nef.* No *Achilles* with him.

*Vliss.* The Elephant hath boyns, but none for courtesie,  
His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

*Patro.* *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry,  
If any thing more then your iport and pleasure  
Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble state,  
To call vpon him. He hopes it is no other  
But for your health, and your digestion sake,  
An after dinners breath.

*Agam.* Heere you *Patroclus* ?  
We are too well acquainted with these answers,  
But his cuasion-winged thus swift with scorne,  
Cannot ouer-flie our apprehensions,  
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason  
Why we ascribe it to him. Yet all his vertues,  
Not vertuously on his owne part beheld,  
Doe in our eyes begin to lose their glosse,  
Yea like faire fruite in an vnholsome dish,  
Are like to rott vntasted. Go and tell him,  
We come to speake with him, and you shall not finde,  
If you do say, we thinke him ouer-proud  
And vnder-honest, in scise assumption greater  
Then in the note of iudgement. And worshier then himselfe  
Heere tend the sauge strangenesse he puts on  
Disguise, the holy strength of their commaund,  
And vnder-write in an obseruynge kinde,  
His humbrosus predominance : yea watch

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His course, and time, his ebbs and flowes, and if  
The passage, and whole st. came of his commencement,  
Rode on his tide. Goe tell him this, and adde,  
That if he ouer-hold his price so much,  
Weele none of him. But let him like an engine,  
Not portable, lye vnder this report,  
Being action hitche, this cannot go to warre,  
A stirring dwarfe we doe allowance gine,  
Before a sleeping gyant. Tell him so.

*Patr.* I shall, and bring his answer presently.

*Agam.* In second voyce weele not be satisfied,  
We come to speake with him : *Vlisses* entaine.

*Ajax.* What is he more then another.

*Agam.* No more then what he thinkes he is.

*Ajax.* Is he so much : doe you not thinke he thinkes him-  
selfe a better man then I am?

*Agam.* No question.

*Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is.

*Agam.* No noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as  
wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether  
more tractable.

*Aia.* Why shoulde a man be proud? how doth pride grow?  
I know not what pride is.

*Agam.* Your minde is the clearer, and your vertues the  
fairer, hee that is proud eates vp him-selfe : Pride is his  
owne glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne chronicle, and  
what euer praises it selfe but in the deed, devours the  
deed in the praise.

*Enter Vlisses.*

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I do hate the ingendring  
of Toades.

*Nest.* And yet he loues himselfe, ist not strange?

*Vlis.* Achilles will not to the field to morrow.

*Agam.* What's his excuse?

*Vlis.* He doth relye on none,  
But carries on the stremme of his dispose,  
Without cbscience, or respect of any,  
In will peculiar, and in selfe admissiōn.

E 2

*Agam.*

*Agam.* Why will he not vpon our faire request,  
Vntent his person, and share th' ayre with vs.

*Ulf.* Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely,  
He makes important: possell he is with greatnesse,  
And speakes not to himselfe but with a pride,  
That quarrels at selfe breath. Imagind worth,  
Holds in his b'ond such swolue and hot discourse,  
That twixt his mentall and his active parts,  
Kingdomd *Achilles* in commotion rages,  
And batters downe himselfe. What should I say,  
He is so plague proud, that the deach tokens of it,  
Crie no recouerie. *Agam.* Let *Aias* go to him,  
Desire Lord, go you, and greate him in his tent,  
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be lead,  
At your request a litte from himselfe.

*Ulf.* O *Agamemnon* let it not be so,  
Weele consecrate the steps that *Aias* makes,  
When they go from *Achilles*: shall the proud Lord  
That bafts his arrogante with his owne lame,  
And neuer suffer's master of the world  
Enter his thoughts, for such as doth revolve,  
And ruminante him selfe: shall he be worshipt,  
Of that we hold an idoll more then hee,  
No: this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,  
Shall not so stoule his palme nobly acquirid,  
Nor by my will affubigate his merite,  
As amply liked as *Achilles* is by going to *Achilles*,  
That were to enlard his fat already pride,  
And addemore coles to *Cancer* when he burnes,  
With enterteining great *Hiparty*,  
This Lord go to him. *Jupiter* forbid,  
And say in thunder *Achilles* go to him.

*Nest.* O this is well, he rubs the vine of him.

*Dion.* And how his silence strok vpon his applause;

*Aia.* If I go to him: with my armed fist he pulchans ore the

*Agam.* O no, you shall not goe, (fast)  
*Aia.* And he be proud with me, he phe'e his pride,

Let me goe to him.

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*Vliss.* Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrell.

*Ajax.* A paltry insolent fellow.

*Nest.* How he describes him selfe.

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable.

*Vliss.* The Rauen chides blacknesse.

*Ajax.* He tell his humorous blood.

*Ajax.* Hee wilbe the phisition, that should bee the pacient.  
*Ajax.* And all men were of my minde.

*Vliss.* Wit would bee out of fashion.

*Ajax.* A should not beare it so, a should eare fwords first,  
shall pride carry it?

*Nest.* And two o'd yow'd carry halfe.

*Ajax.* A would haue ten shares. I will kneade him, he  
make him supple, he's not yet through warme?

*Nest.* Force him with praies, poure in, poure, his ambition  
is drie.

*Vliss.* My Lord, you feed so much on this dislike.

*Nest.* Our noble generall do not do so?

*Dion.* You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

*Vliss.* Why tis this naming of him do's him harme,  
Here is a man but sit before his face, I wilbe silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so?

He is not envious as *Achilles* is.

*Vliss.* Knowe the whole world hee is as valiant

*Ajax.* A hoarson dog that shall palter with vs thus, would  
he were a Troyan?

*Nest.* What a vice were it in *Ajax* now?

*Vliss.* If hee were proude.

*Dion.* Or couetous of praise.

*Vliss.* I or surly borne.

*Dion.* Or strange or selfe affected.

*Vliss.* Thank the heauenis Lord, whos art of sweete compoysure  
Praise him that gat thee, shee that gaue thee sucke:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature,

Thrice fam'd beyond all thy erudition:

But hee that disciplind thine armes to fight,

Let *Mars* diuide eternitie in twaine,

And give him halfe, and for thy vigour?

Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yeeld,  
To sinowy *Ajax*, I will not prale thy wifdome,  
Which like a boord: a pale, a shore confines  
This spaicious and dilated parts, here's *Nestor*!  
Instructed by the antiquary times:  
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise,  
But pardon father *Nestor* were your daies  
As greene as *Ajax*, and your braine so temper'd,  
You should not haue the emynence of him,  
But be as *Ajax*.     *Ajax*. Shall I call you father?

*Nest.* I my good Sonne.

*Dies.* Be ruld by him Lord *Ajax*.

*Vliss.* There is no tarryng here the Hart *Achilles*,  
Keepes thicket, please it our great generall,  
To call together all his state of warre,  
Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*, To morrow  
We must with all our maine of power stand fast,  
And here's a Lord come Knights from East to West  
And call their flower, *Ajax* shall cope the best.

*Aga.* Go we to counsell, let *Achilles* sleepe,  
Light boates saile swift, though greater hulkes draw deepe.

*Enter Pandarus.*     (*Exeunt.*)

*Pan.* Friend you, pray you a word, doe you not follow the  
yong Lord *Paris*.     *Man.* I sir when he goes before mee.

*Pan.* You depend vpon him I meane.

*Man.* Sir I do depend vpon the Lord.

*Pan.* You depend vpon a notable gentleman I meane needs  
praise him.

*Man.* The Lord be praised?

*Pan.* You know me? doe you noe?

*Man.* Faith sir superficially.

*Pan.* Friend know mee better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

*Man.* I hope I shall know your honour better?

*Pan.* I do desire it.

*Man.* You are in the state of grace?

*Pan.* Grace? not so friend, honour and Lordship are my ti-  
tles, what musick is this?

*Man.* I do but partly know sir, it is musick in partes.

*Pan.*

*of Troylus and Cressida.*

*Par.* Know you the musicians? *Man.* Wholy sir. *Par.* Who play they to?

*Man.* To the hearers sir.

*Par.* At whose pleasure friend?

*Man.* At mine sir, and theirs that loue musicke.

*Par.* Command I meane?

*Man.* Who shal I command sir?

*Par.* Friend we understand not one another, I am to corre-  
ly and thou to cunning, at whose request do these men play?

*Man.* Thats to c' indeed sir? many sir, at the request of *Paris* my Lord, who is there in person, with him the most all  
Venus, the heart blood of beauty, loves invisible soule:

*Par.* Who my cozen *Cressida*?

*Man.* No sir, *Hellen*, could not you finde out that by her at-  
tributes..

*Par.* It should seeme fellow thou hast not seene the *Lady Cressid* I come to speake with *Paris*, from the Prince *Troylus*, I will make a complementall assaule vpon him for my  
businesse seeth's,

*Man.* Sodden businesse, theirs a few'd phrase indeed.

*Enter Paris and Hellen.*

*Par.* Faire be to you my Lord, and to al this faire company,  
faire desires in all faire measure faidie-guide them, especially  
to you faire *Queene* faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

*Hell.* Dere Lord you are full of faire words:

*Par.* You speake your faire pleasure sweet *Queene*,  
Faire Prince here is good broken musicke..

*Par.* You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you shall  
make it whole againe, you shall peecie it out with a peecie of  
your performance. *Nel.* he is full of harmony.

*Par.* Truly Lady no: *Hell.* O sir:

*Par.* Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude:

*Paris.* Well said my Lord, well, you say so in fits:

*Par.* I haue businesse to my Lord deere *Queene* my Lord  
will you vouchsafe me a word.

*Hell.* Nay this shall not hedge vs out, weele here you sing  
certaintly:

*Par.* Well sweete *Queene* you are pleasant with mee, but,  
mary

marry thus my Lord my deere Lord, and most esteemed  
fiend your brother *Troylus*.

*Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus* hony sweet Lord,

*Par.* Go too sweet Queene, go to ?

Comends himselfe most affectionately to you.

*Hel.* You shall not bob vs out of our melody,  
If you do our melancholy vpon your head.

*Par.* Sweet Queene, sweet Queene, that's a sweet Queene  
I faith —

*Hel.* And to make a sweet Lady sad is a fower offence.

*Par.* Nay that shall not sette your turne, that shall it not  
in truth la ? Nay I care not for such words , no, no. And my  
Lord hee desires you that if the King call for him at supper.  
You will make his excuse.

*Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus*.

*Par.* What saies my sweete Queenam, y very very sweet  
Queene?

*Par.* What exploit's in hand, where suppes he to night?

*Hel.* Nay but my Lord?

*Par.* What saies my sweet Queene? my cozen will fall out  
with you.

*Hel.* You must not know where he sups.

*Par.* Ille lay my life with my disposes *Cressida*.

*Par.* No, no ? no such matter you are wide, come your  
disposer is fickle.

*Par.* Well ille makes excuse?

*Par.* I good my Lord , why should you say *Cressida*, no,  
your disposes sick. *Par.* I spie ?

*Par.* You spy ? what doe you spic ? come, giue mee an in-  
strument, now sweete Queene:

*Hel.* Why this is kindly done?

*Par.* My Neece is horribly in loue with a thing you haue  
sweete Queene.

*Hel.* Shee shall haue it my Lord , if it bee not my Lord  
Paris.

*Pand.* Hee ? no ? sheele none of him , they two are  
twine.

*Hel.* Falling in after falling out may make them three.

*Pand.*

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*of Troylus and Cressida.*

*Pand.* Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a  
sorrie song.

*Hell.* I, I, prethee, now by my troth sweet lad thou haft a  
fine fore-head.

*Pand.* I you may, you may.

*Hell.* Let thy song be loue : this loue will vndoe vs all. Oh  
Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.

*Pand.* Loue? I that it shal yfaith.

*Par.* I good now loue, loue, nothing but loue.

*Pand.* Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still loue still more.

For a loues bow, Shoots Bucks and Doe.

The shafts confound not that it wounds

But sticles still the sore:

These louers crye al the they dye,

Ten that which faernes the wound to kill,

Death turns al he go ha ha he,

Se, dying loue times kill,

O ha ha ha ha ha ha,

O ha gromes out for ha ha ha — bay he,

*Hell.* In loue I faith to the very tip of the nose.

*Par.* He eates nothing but dous loue, and that breeds hot  
blood, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts  
beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

*Pand.* Is this the generation of loue ? hot bloud hot  
thoughts and hot deedes, why they are vipers, is loue a ge-  
neration of vipers?

Sweete Lord whise a field to day?

*Par.* *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Asthenes,* and all the gal-  
lantry of Troy, I would faime haue staid to day, but my *Nyf*  
would not haue it so.

How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?

*Hell.* He hangs the lippe at someting, you know al Lord  
Pandarus.

*Pand.* Not I, hony sweete *Queene*, I long to heare how  
they sped to day:  
Youle remember your brothers excuse.

*Par.* To a hayre.

*Pand.* Farewell sweete *Queene.*

soft

*Hell. Come*

Troy

Hell. Comisend me to your neece.  
Pand. I will tweet Queene. Sound a retreat  
Par. Their come from the fieldes; let vs to Priamus Hall  
To greete the warriers. Sweet Helen I must woe you,  
To helpe vn-arme our Hellor: his shubbotne buckles  
With this your white enchanting fingers touche;  
Sha'nt more obey then to the edge of steele,  
Or force of Greckish shewes; you shall do more  
Then all the Hand Kinges, daserne great Hellor.  
Hell. Twil make vs proud to be his servant Paris  
Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duty,  
Gives vs more palme in beauty: when we haue;  
Yea ouershines our selfe.

Par. Sweet above thought I lose her? Enter, Pandoras Troylus, man.

Enter, Pandoras Troylus, man.  
Pand. How now wher's thy maister, at my Cousin Cressid?  
Man. No sir stayes for you to conduct him thether.  
Pand. O heere he comes; how now, how now?  
Troy. Sirra walke off.  
Pand. Haue you scene my Cousine?  
Troy. No Pandoras, I stalle about her dore  
Like to a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes  
Staying for waiteage, O be thou my Charon,  
And giv me swift transportance to these fieldes,  
Wher I may wallow in the lilly beds  
Propof'd for the deseruer. O gentle Pandor,  
From Cupids shoulder plucke his painted wings;  
And flye with me to Cressid.

Pand. VValke heere ith' Orchard, he bring her straight.  
Troy. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round,  
Th'ymaginary relish is so sweete,  
That it enchantes my fense: what will it be  
When that the watry pallats taste indeed  
Loues thrice repared Nectas? Death I feare me  
Sounding destruction, or some ioy so fyne,  
To subtil, potest, tun'd so sharp in sweetnesse  
For the capacity of my ruder powers;  
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides.

That

of *Troylus and Cressida*.

That I shall loose distinction in my loyes  
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes  
The enemy flying.

*Pand.* Shees making her ready, sheele come straight, you  
must be wity now, she does so blushe, and fetches her wind so  
short as if shee were staid with a spirite: Ile fetch her; it is the  
periwest villaine, she fetches her breath as short as a new tane  
sparrow.

*Troy.* Even such a passion doth imbrace my bosome,  
My heart beats thicker then a feauorous pulle,  
And all my powers do their beslowing loose  
Like vassalage at vntires encountering

the eye of maiestie. *Enter pandar and Cressid.*

*Pand.* Come, come, what need you blushe?  
Shames a babie; heere shee is now, sware the othes now to  
her that you haue sworne to me: what are you gone againe,  
you must be watchs ere you be made tame, must you? come  
your waies come your waies, and you draw backward weele  
put you i'th fillies: why doe you not speake to her. Come  
draw this curtain, and lese see your picture; alasse the day?  
how loath you are to offend day light; and twere darke youd  
dose sooner: so so, rub on and kille the mistresse; how now  
a kisse in fee-farme: build there Carpenter, the syse is sweet.  
Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The fau-  
con, as the tercell for all the ducks i' th times: go too, go too.

*Troy.* You haue bereft me of all wordes Lady.

*Pand.* Words pay no debts; give her deeds: but sheele be-  
resue you a th' deeds too if the call your activitie in question:  
what billing againe beeres in witnesse whereof the parties in-  
terchangeably. Come in come in Ile go get a fire.

*Cres.* Will you walke in my Lord?

*Troy.* O Cressid how often haue I iwright me thus.

*Cres.* Wish me my Lord? the gods graunt? O my Lord?

*Troy.* What should they graunt? what makes this pretty ab-  
sorption: what so curios dredg espies my sweete lady in the  
fountaine of our loue?

*Cres.* More dredg then water if my teares haue eyes.

*Troy.* Feares make dials of Cherubins, they never see truly.

The history

*Cref.* Bind feare that seeing reason leads; finds laste foyting, then blind reason; Bumbling without feare: to feare the worst of cures the worse.

\* *Troy.* O let my Lady apprehend no feare; In all Cupids pageant there is presented no moaster.

*Cref.* Nor nothing monstrous neither.

*Troy.* Nothing but our vndertakings; when wee vowed, weepe seas, live in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers, thinkeing it harder: for our miserie to denie imposition ymough then for vs to vndergoe any difficulty imposed. — This the monstruosity in loue Lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confind, that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a flame to lymite.

*Cref.* They say all louers swewe more performance then they are able, and yet reserue an ability that they never performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten: and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. I heye that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares are they not monstrosities?

*Troy.* Are there such: such are not we; Praise vs as we are tasted, allow vs as we prove: our head shall goe bare till merit louer part no affection in reversion, shall haue a praise in present: we will not name deservt before his birth, and being borne, his addition shall bee humble: few wordes to faire faith. *Troylus* shall be such to *Crefid*, as what enuy can say worst shall bee a mocke for his truch, and what truth can speake truest: not truer then *Troylus*.

*Cref.* Will you walke in my Lord?

*Pand.* What blushing still, haue you not done talking yet?

*Cref.* VWell Vnde what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

*Pand.* I thankke you for that, if my Lord gette a boy of you, youle give him me: be true to my Lord, if hee flinch chide me for it.

*Troy.* You know now your hostages, your Uncles word and my firme faith.

*Pand.* Nay Ile give my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they bee wroght; they are constant being

*of Troylus and Cressida.*

being wonne, they are bates I can tell you, theye will  
where they are throwne.

*Cres.* Bouldnesse comes to me now and brings me heart  
Prince Troylus I haue loued you night and day, for many  
weary moneths.

*Troy.* Why was my Cressid then so hard to wyn?

*Cres.* Hard to seeke wonne: but I was wonne my Lord  
With the first glance, that euer pardon me  
If I confesse much you will play the tyrant,  
I loue you now, but till now not so much  
But I might maister it; in faith I lye,  
My thoughts were like unbridled children grone  
Too headstrong for their mother: see wee fooles,  
VVhy haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs  
VVhen we are so vnscret to our selues.  
But though I loue'd you well, I woed you not,  
And yet good faith I wist my selfe a man;  
Or that we women had mens priuledge  
Of speaking first. Sweete bid me hold my tongue,  
For in this rapture I shall surely speake  
The thing I shall repent: see lee your sylence  
Comming in dumbnesse, from my weaknesse drawes  
My very soule of councell. Stop my mouth.

*Troy.* And shall, albeit sweete musique issues thence,

*Pand.* Pretty yfaith.

*Cres.* My Lord I doe beseech you pardon me,  
Twas not my purpose thus to begge a kisse,  
I am ashame'd; O Heauens what haue I done!  
For this time will I take my leue my Lord.

*Troy.* Your leue sweete Cressid:

*Pand.* Leue: and you take leue till to morrow morning.

*Cres.* Pray you content you. *Troy.* What offendes you Lady?

*Cres.* Sir mine own company.

*Troy.* You cannot shun your selfe.

*Cres.* Let me goe and crye:

I haue a kind of selfe recids with you:  
But an vnkinde selfe, that he selfe will let me goe  
To be anothers foole, I wold be gone; now do bathe me.

*The history*

Where is my wit? I know not what I speake, *swifely,*

*Tro.* Well know they what they speake, that speake so

*Cres.* Perchance my Lord I shew more craft then loue,

And tell so roundly to a large confesyon.

To angle for your thoughts, but you are wise,

Or else you loue not: for to be wise and loue,

Exceeds manes might that dwells with gods above.

*Tro.* O that I thought it could be in a woman,

As if it can I will presume in you,

To feed for age her lampe and flames of loue,

To keepe her constancy in plight and youth,

Out-living beauties outward, with a mind,

That doth renew swifter then blood decays,

Or that persuasion could but thus conuince me,

That my integrity and truth to you,

Might be affronted with the match and waighe,

O such a winnowed purity in loue,

How were I then vp-listed! but alasse,

I am as true as truths simplicy,

And simpler then the infancy of truth.

*Cres.* In that ile war with you, *Tro.* O vertuous fight,

When right with right waires who sha'be most right,

True swains in loue sha'll in the world to come

Approue their trueth by *Troylus*, when their times,

Full of protest, of oath and big compare,

Wants similes truth tyrd with iteration.

As true as steele, as plantage to the monne,

As sunne to day: as nible to her mate,

As Iron to Adamsant: as Earth to th' Center,

After all comparisions of truth,

(As truths authentique author to be cited)

As true as *Troylus*, shall crowne vp the verse,

And sanctifie the nombers,

*Cres.* Prophet may you bee,

If I bee false or swarue a bayre from truth,

When time is ould or haue forgot it selfe,

When water drops haue wrompt the stones of *Troy*,

And blind oblivion swallowed Cistles vp.

And

*of Troylus and Cressida.*

And mighty states character-ies are grated,  
To dusly nothing, yet by th'mory,  
From falce to falce among falce mayds in love,  
Vpbraid my falsehood, when th' haue said as falce,  
As ayre, as water, wind or sandy earth,  
As Fox to Lamb, or Wolf to Heifers Calfe,  
Pard to the Hind, or stepdame to her sonne,  
Yea let them fly to sticke the heart of falsehood,  
As falce as Cressid.

*Pand.* Go to a bargaine made, scale it, seale it ile bee the  
witness here I hold your hand, here my Cossent, if euer you  
proue false one, to another since I haue taken such paine to  
bring you together let all pitifull goers betweene be cald  
to the worlds end after my name, call them all Panders, let  
all constant men be Troylus all false woen Cressids, and  
all brokers betweene panders say Amen.

*Tro.* Amen. *Pand.* Amen.

*Pand.* Amen. *Exe.*  
Wherepon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed be-  
cause it shall not speake of your pretty encounters presse it to  
death away. *Exe.*  
And Cupid grant all tong-tide maydens here,  
Bed, chamber, Pander to prouide this geere. *Exe.*

*Enter Vlisses, Diomed, Nestor, Agamemnon, & others.*

*Cat.* Now Princes for the seruice I haue done,  
Th' aduantage of the time prompts me aloud,  
To call for recompence appere it to mind,  
That through the light I beare in things to come,  
I haue abandond Troy, left my possession,  
Incurd a traytors name, exposid my selfe,  
From certaine and possesst conueniences,  
To doubtfull fortunes, sequestring from me all  
That time acquaintance, custome and condition,  
Made tame, and most familiar to my nature,  
And here to doe you seruice am become,  
As new into the world, strange, vnaquainted,  
I do beseech you all in way of fayre, *Exe.*  
To give me now a little bosome.

Out of those many required in payment,  
Which you say line to come in my behalfe.

*Aga.* What wouldst thou of us, Trojan make demands?

*Cale.* You have a Trojan prisoner call'd *Agenor*,  
Yesterday tooke, Troy holds him very deere,  
Oft haue you often haue you thankes therfore,  
Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great exchange,  
Whom I Troy haue still denide, but this *Agenor*,  
I know is such a wret in their affaires:  
That their negotiations all most slacke,  
Wanting his manage, and they will almost,  
Gree vs a Prince of blood: a Sonne of Troy,  
In charge of him: Let him be sent great Princes,  
And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence,  
Shall quicke strike of all semperie I haue done,  
In most accepted paine.

*Aga.* Let *Dinocrates* beare him,  
And bring vs *Cressid* hither, *Cæsar* shall haue  
What he requestes of vs: good *Dinocrates*,  
Furnish you fairely for his entercange,  
Withall bring word if *Hector* will to morrow,  
Bee answered in his challenge. *Alex* is ready.

*Dio.* This shall I undertake, and tis a burthen  
Which I am proud to beare.

*Uli.* Achilles stands i' th' entrance of his tent,  
Please it our general pasic strangely by him:  
As if he were forgot, and princes all,  
Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him,  
I will come last, tis like heele question mee,  
Why such vnpaulfme eyes are bent? why turn'd on him,  
If so I haue desir'd medecinable,  
To vse betwene you: strangers, and his poole,  
Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke,  
It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse,  
To show it selfe but pride: for supple kness,  
Feed arrogance and are the proud mans feare.

*Aga.* Weele execute your purpose and put on,

## of Troy and Ilium.

A forme of straunge asaynes alwaies in the plaine 1A  
So doth each flou're, and euer grewe him 1B al answere to his 2  
Or els diuersly, which shal shake him more 2  
Then if not lookt on, I will lead the way 2

Achil. What comes the general to speake with me? 2

You know my minde he fight no man 'gainst Iasy.

Aga. What saies Achilles would he ought with vs?

Nest. Would you my Lord ought with the general.

Achil. No, the present time is not fit for me to goe.

Nest. Nothing my Lord.

Aga. The betwixt, and straunge, and diuersly, and 2

Achil. Good day, good day 2

Mess. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What do the Cruchould scorne me?

Alex. How now Parcellus?

Achil. Good morrow master?

Alex. Has hee any newes of his selfe?

Achil. Good morrow, master?

Alex. I and good next day too. Exeunt.

Ach. What meane these fellowes know they are Achilles  
Parro. They passe by straunge: they were vi'd to bend,  
To send their bowes before them to Achilles  
To come as humbly as they vi'd to creep to holy altars;

Achil. What am I poore of lyster?  
Tis certaine, yee gentleme once falle out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men to, what the declin'd is.  
He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others  
As feele in his owne fall: for men like basset-slyces,  
Shew not their mealy wings but to the Summer,  
And not a man for being simp'ly man,  
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours  
That are without him, as place, pitches, and fauour,  
Prizes of accident as oft as merit  
Which when they fall as being slycet flanders,  
The loue that lean'd on them as slycet too,  
Doth one pluck downe another, and together, die in the fall,  
But tis not so with me, for I haue the best of fortune,  
Fortune and I are friends, I do enioy all beasides.

At ample point all that I did possible, though hard to say. A  
Saw these mens looks, who do me thinke finde out  
Some thing not worth in me such rich beholding.

As they have often given, Here is *Vliss*, no sooner said then done.

He interrupt his reading, how say *Vliss*?

*Vliss.* Now great *Thers* Sonne.

*Achil.* What art you reading?

*Vliss.* A strange fellow here,  
Writes me that man, how delyuer parted:  
How much in hauing or without or in  
Cannot make bothe to haue that which he hath,  
Nor feeleth not what he owes but by reflextion  
As when his vertues asyming vpon others,  
Heate them, and they retort that heate againe  
To the first givers.

*Achil.* This is not strange *Vliss*,  
The beauty that is borne here in the face:  
The bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe,  
To other's eyes, nor doth the eyt selfe  
That most pure spirite offence, behold it selfe  
Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye opposed,  
Sallutes each other, with each others forme,  
For speculation turnes not so it selfe,  
Till it hath traveld and is married there,  
Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

*Vliss.* I do not straine at the position,  
It is familiar, but at the authors drift,  
Who in his circumstance expressly prooues,  
That no man is the Lord of any thing:  
Though in and of him there be much confisging,  
Till he communicate his parts to others,  
Nor doth he of himselfe know them for aught:  
Till he behold them formed in the applause,  
Where th'are extended: who like an arch reverberate  
The voice againe or like a gate of Steele:  
Fronting the Sunne, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heate. I was much rap't in this,  
And apprehended here immediately,

Th.

of 370 lines of poetry.

Th' unknowne *Alex*, heauens wher a man is therred  
 A very hōſte, that has he knowne a no[n]ther  
 Nature what things there are,  
 Most obiect in regard, and deere in vſe,  
 What things againe most deere in the aſſeſſe:  
 And poore in worth, now ſhall we ſee to morrow,  
 An aſt that very chaner doth ſhow upon him  
*Alex* renouned? O heauens what ſome men doe,  
 While ſome men leauē tades,  
 How ſome men creepe in ſkitifh fortunes hall,  
 Whiles oþers play the Ideots in her ſytes,  
 How one man gat into another's pride,  
 While pride is faſting in his me[n]omie,  
 To ſee theſe Grecian Lords, why even already?  
 They clap the lubber *Alex* on the bhoſlder  
 As if his ſooþe were one hōue Hellens hōſt,  
 And great Troy ſhaking.

*Achill*, I do beleue in  
 For they paſt by me as misers do by beggars,  
 Neither gaue to me good weſt nor lookeſt  
 What are my deeds aforoe?

*Vliff*, Time hath (my Lord) a walleſ at his back,  
 Wherein he puts almes for oblivion,  
 A greatifz'd monſter of ingratiuſe,  
 Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt,  
 Which are deuour'd as faſt as they are made,  
 Forgot as ſoone as done, perſuerance decre my Lords  
 Keepeſ honour bright, to haue done, is to hang.  
 Quite out of fashion like a rusty male,  
 In monumenſall mockery? take the iſtant way,  
 For honour trauells in a ſtraight ſo narrow:  
 Where on but goes a brefte, keepe then the path  
 For emulacion hath a thouſand ſonneſ,  
 That one by one paſte, if you giue way,  
 Or turne a hide from the direct forth right:  
 Like to an entred tide they all riſh by,  
 And leaue you hinc, maſt, then what they do in preſents?  
 Though leſſe then yours in paſſe, muſt ore top yours.

For time is like a fashionable boast,  
That slightly shakes his passing guest by the hand, on y<sup>e</sup> 15. A  
And with his armes out-stretches as he would flye,  
Grasps in the comers, the welcomer smilte,  
And farewell goes our sighing. Let not vertue seeke,  
Remuneration for the thing it w<sup>t</sup>he. For beauty, wit, & y<sup>e</sup> 20  
High birth, vigor of bone, certaine semperies,  
Loue, friendship, charitie, are subiecte,  
To envious and calumniati<sup>g</sup> tyme,  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,  
That all with one contente praise new-borne gaudes,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past, no w<sup>t</sup>re  
And goe to dust, that is little gaudie, y<sup>e</sup> 25  
More laud this gaudie are shifted,  
The present eye praises the present obiect,  
Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,  
That all the Greces begin to worship a star,  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,  
That what flitteth. The this were object on thee,  
And stull it might, and yet it may againe,  
If thou wouldest not encomebe thy selfe alive,  
And ease thy reputation in thy tempe,  
Whose glorious deedes durst in these fields of late,  
Made emulouse misions knowe of the gods them selfes,  
And draue great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my primate,  
I have strong reasons.

Vlff. But against your primate,  
The reasons are more potent and heliocallie. To me  
Tis knowne Achil, that you are in loue  
With one of Priams daughters.

Achil. He<sup>t</sup> knowne.

Vlff. Is that a wonder? <sup>to the right</sup> <sup>to the left</sup> <sup>to the right</sup> <sup>to the left</sup>  
The prouidence that is in vouchfull stow, <sup>to the right</sup> <sup>to the left</sup> <sup>to the right</sup> <sup>to the left</sup>  
Knowes almost earely things, <sup>to the right</sup> <sup>to the left</sup> <sup>to the right</sup> <sup>to the left</sup>  
Findes bottom in the vouchfull infinite depth, <sup>to the right</sup> <sup>to the left</sup> <sup>to the right</sup> <sup>to the left</sup>  
Keepes place with thought and almost like the gods,  
Do thoughts vouchfull in their quicke emples,

These

There is a mysterie ( with whom relation  
 Dust never meddle ) in the soule of man,  
 Which hath an operation more divine,  
 Then breath or pen can give expresse to :  
 All the commerce that you haue had with Troy,  
 As perfectly is ours, as yours my Lord,  
 And better would it fit *Achilles* much,  
 To throw dayme *Hector* then *Pallas*,  
 But it must grieve young *Pirithous* now at home,  
 When same shall in our lands sound her trumpet,  
 And all the Greekish gildes shall tripping sing,  
 Great *Hector's* sister did *Achilles* winne,  
 But our great *Ajax* branly beat downe him :  
 Farewell my Lord, I as your lours speake,  
 The foole slides ore the ice that you should breake.

*Par.* To this effect, *Achilles*, haue I moou'd you,  
 A woman impudent and mannish grownne,  
 Is not more loth'd then an effeminate man  
 In time of action : I stand condempned for this,  
 They thinke my little stomack to the warre,  
 And your great loue to me, restraines you thus,  
 Sweete rouse your selfe, and the weake wanton *Pyrrhus*,  
 Shall from your necke vnloose his amorous fould,  
 And like dew drop from the Lions mane,  
 Be shooke to syre.

*Ach.* Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector* ?

*Paro.* I and perhaps receive much honor by him.

*Achil.* I see my reputation is at stake,  
 My fame is shrowdly giv'd, about you : and *W.*

*Paro.* Othen beware, those wounds heale ill, that men do give themselves,  
 Omission to doe what is necessary,  
 Seales a commision to blanke of danger,  
 And danger like an ague subely taunts  
 Euen then when they lie idely in the sonnes.

*Achil.* Go call *Thersites* herberstree *Petrosius*,  
 He send the foole to *Ajax*, and desite him  
 To inuite the Troyan lords after the combate,

To see vs heere wharm'd. I haue a womans longing,  
An appetite that I am sick withall,  
To see great *Heller* in his weeds of peace,  
To talke with him, and to behold his yonge,  
Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.

Enter *Therst*.

*Therst*. A wonder. *Achil*. What?

*Therst*. *Alex* goes vp and dowme the field strikynge for  
himself. *Achil*. How so?

*Therst*. He must fight singly to morrow with *Heller*, and  
is so propheticallly pround of an honycall endgeling, that  
he raves in saying nothing.

*Achil*. How can that bee? *Therst*.

*Therst*. Why a stately vp and dowme like a pescott, a  
stride and a fland: remimbed like an boffle, that hath so  
Ariachasque burthen braine to sit downe her reckoning:  
bites his lip with a politiques regarde, as who should say  
there were wittie in this head and two d'out: and so there  
is. But it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will  
not shew without knocking, the mans vndone for ever, for  
if *Heller* breakes not his neck i' combat, he'le break  
himselfe in vaine glory. Hee knowes not mee. I sayd  
good morrow *Alex*: And hee replyes thankyng. *Achil*.  
What thinkes you of this new thre salverance for the  
Generall? Hees growne a very land-fish languagefull, a  
monster, a plague of opinion, a man may wear it on both  
sides like a lecherling.

*Achil*. Thou must be my Ambassadour *Therst*.

*Therst*. Who I: why he cleares vs no body: hee profis-  
ses not answering, speaking is for beggers: he weareth his  
tongue in's arme. I will put on his preschode, let *Patrebus*  
make demands to me. You shall see the pageant of *Alex*.

*Achil*. To him *Patrebus*, tell him I humbly desyre the va-  
liant *Alex*, to invite the valorous *Heller* to come vnauid  
to my tent, and to pasure safe-conduct for his person, of  
the magnanumous and most illustrie, fift or seuen times  
honour'd Capteine Generall of the armie. *Agnosceris*,  
do this.

Page

Patr. 1 comes from the woody Adiles.  
Thers. Ha?

Par. Who most humbly desires you to invite Her to  
Thers. Hum?

Par. And to procure safe conduct from Agrippa and  
Thers, Agrippianus?

Patr. I my Lord. New-Ham. 1  
Patr. What say you so'l.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart. I  
Parr. Your answer fill you with a good yel-

Thurs. If to morrow be as today, by a dozen of shadcock  
will give out you or other, how so ever he shall pay for me.

Then Excuse well with all my heart.

Arch. Why, but he is not in this town, is he?  
Thos. No; but out of town still. What music will be in

There's No : but out of time, when you think you're  
him, when Heckerlin's knocked out his brains. I know not,  
but I am sure none would be the fiddler. *He'll get his money*

Achil. Come then hark before a letter so long strayed.  
Thers. Let mee beare another on his horse, for that shal  
be a full messenger.

*Act 1. My minde is troubled like a fowleaine bird.*

Then, Would the fountaine of your minde were cleare  
Then, I had rather be a sick

such a shoope, then such a valiant ignorance.

Emperors, and others, Greeks and barbarians, Persians, Macedonians, Athenians, Diodorus Siculus, Grecian writers, etc.

Paris. See ho! who is that there?

*Ans. Is the Prince there in person?*  
ad. 1. so good occasions to ly along.

should rob my best mate of my company.

Dis. That's my minder too? good morrow, Lord of ~~Paris~~,  
Paris. A valiant Greek who may take his hand.

Wanda

Witness the proesse of your speach: where  
You told how *Dynew* a whole weeke by daies,  
Did haunt you in the fie'd.

*Asne.* Health to you valiant sir,  
During all question of the gentle truce:  
But when I meete you arm'd, as black defiance,  
As heart can thinke or courage execute.

*Dion.* The one and other *Dynew* embraces,  
Our blouds are now in calme, and so long heith:  
Lul'd when contention, and occasion macte,  
By *Iow* we play the hunter for thy life,  
With all my forte, pursuice, and pollicy.

*Asne.* And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flie,  
With his face back-ward, in humme gentleesse:  
Welcome to Troy, now by a Justes life,  
Welcome indeede: by *Uens* hand I werte,  
No man alive can loose in such a fort.

The thing he meintes to kill, more excellently.  
*Dion.* We sympathize, *Iow* let Williams line  
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)  
A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,  
But in mine emulous harschis hundreth  
With every ioynt a wound and char to morrow.

*Asne.* We know each other well.  
*Dion.* We do and long to know each other worse.

*Par.* This is the most descriptifull gentle greeting,  
Thenoblett hauchfull loue that ere I heard of, what buffesse  
Lord so earely?

*Asne.* I was sent for to the King: but why I know not.  
*Par.* His purpose meetes you? twas to bring this Greeke,  
To *Calebs* house, and there to reader him:  
For the enfreed *Andro*, the faire *Or*,  
Lets haue your company, or if you please,  
Haft there before vs, I calliflyte before me,  
(Or rather call my thought's certaine knowledge)

My brother *Troylus* ledges there to night,  
Rouise him and give him note of our approach,  
With the whole qualite wherfore

I scare.

S

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I feme we shal be murtheringe. *Enter Paris and Troilus.*

*Paris.* That I fisure you: *Troy* haged under *Troy* west  
borne to *Greece*, then *Cresford* boorne from *Troy*.

*Paris.* There is no help, the *French* quaffed of bed of  
The bitter disposition of the thare will haue it for: *Enter Helen.*

On Lord, weele follow you.

*Helen.* Good morrow all. *Enter Paris and Troilus.*

*Paris.* And tell me noble *Diamond* fith call me to me,  
Euen in soule of sound good fellowship,  
Who in your thoughts defences faire *Helen* best,  
My selfe, or *Menelaus*.

*Diamond.* *Enter Helen.* Who shal haue her, when she is dead?  
Hee merits well to haue her that doth feare her, *Enter Troilus.*  
Not making any scruple of her booke, *Enter Paris.* and argyng  
With silke and sheld of purple, and world of charge,  
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,  
Not palliating the taske of her dishonesty,  
With such a costly losse of wealth and friends,  
He like a puling *Cocktold* would drinke vp,  
The iees and drogs of a fles tamed peace,  
You like a slecher out of whocish loynes,  
Are pleased to breed out your inheritance,  
Both merits poyzd, each weighs nofife nor more,  
But he as he, the heftier for a whorse.

*Paris.* You are too bitter to your country-woman.  
*Diamond.* Shees bitter to her country, heare me *Paris*,  
For every false drop in her bawdy veines, *Enter Troilus.*  
A Grecian life hath fayled for every scruple, *Enter Paris.*  
Of her contaminated cartion straight, *Enter Helen.* and  
A *Troyan* hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,  
Shee hath not giuen so many good words breath, *Enter Troilus.*  
As for her *Greekes* and *Troyans* suffred death, *Enter Paris.*

*Paris.* Faire *Diamond* you do as chapmen do, to what  
Dispraise the tilling that they daske vpon, *Enter Troilus.*  
But we in silence hold this verrie well, *Enter Helen.*  
Weele not commend, what weare intend to sell. Here lyts  
our way. *Enter Cresford.* *Enter Troylus and Cresford.*

*Troy.* Deere, trouble not your selfe, the monme is cold.

H

*Cres.*

*Cref.* Then sweet my Lord bid me minne thine downe,  
Hee shall yboke the gome.

*Troy.* Trouble him not, hee will beare it well  
To bed to bed : sleepe kill those peity eyes  
And give as soft aschement to thy tenes,  
As infants empty of all thought, so wellof sleepe.

*Cref.* Good morrow then, hee willof beare it well  
To help thee how to hell, when art thou A.

*Cref.* Are you a weary of me? then beth a whil comf.

*Troy.* O Crefeld! but that the basse day,  
Wal't by the Larke hath rounz the ryalb Crowes,  
And dreaming night will hide our ioyes no longe,  
I would not from thee shun.

*Cref.* Night hath benn too blyse,  
T're. Befrew the wiche I with venemous nightes sh'e faires.

At tediously sh'ell, But flies the grasper of loue,  
With wings more monastary swift then thoughte,  
You will catch colde and curse me.

*Cref.* Prithee tarry, you then will never tarry,  
O foolish Crefeld, I might have full held of,  
And then you would have tarry'd. Harke ther's one vpi.

*Pand.* What's a'l the doone open heade?

*Troy.* It is your Yndian, when this day you shal

*Cref.* A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking,

I shall haue such a life.

*Pand.* Now now, how go maiden-heads,

Here you made, where's my sister Crefeld?

*Cref.* Go hang your selfe, you roughty mocking vade,  
You bring me to doo— and then you flou me to.

*Pand.* To do what, to do what? let her say what,

What haue I broughte you to doo?

*Cref.* Come, come, halidow your heart, you leant to be good,

nor suffer others.

*Pand.* Ha, ha : plan past sh'red, a poore sh'pish, haft  
not slept so night? I would haue stok (a naughty man) let it

slape, a bung-beane take him.

*Cref.* Did not I tell you? wold he were knockeid heade;

Who's that at doore, good vuckle go, and see.

*One knyf.*

*My.*

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My Lord, come you againe into my chamber,  
You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

*Troyl.* Ha, ha.

*Cresf.* Come you are deceived, I think of no such thing,  
How earnestly they knock, pray you come in. — *Knoeck.*  
I would not for halfe *Troyl* haue you fetch here, *Exame.*

*Pand.* Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate  
downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

*Exame.* Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

*Pand.* Who's there my Lord *Adreas*: by my troth I knew  
you not: what newes with you so early?

*Exame.* Is not Prince *Troyl* haere?

*Pand.* Here, what should he do here?

*Exame.* Come he is here, my Lord, do not deny him,  
It doth import him much to speake with me.

*Pand.* Is he here say you? its more then I knowe ile be sworne  
For my owne part I came in late: what should hee doe  
here?

*Exame.* Who, say then! Come, come, youle do him wrong,  
ere you are ware, youle be so true to him, as be false to him:  
Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.

*Troyl.* How now, what's the matter?

*Exame.* My Lord, I haue leisure to salute you,  
My matter is so rash: there is at hand,  
*Paris* your brother, and *Daphetus*,  
The Grecian *Dimes*, and our *Antibmer*  
Deliver'd to him, and forth-with,  
Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,  
We must give vpt to *Dimes* hand  
The Lady *Cressida*.

*Troyl.* Is it so concluded?

*Adreas.* By *Priam* and the generall state of *Troy*,  
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

*Troyl.* How my atchiements mocke me,  
I will go meete them: and my Lord *Adreas*,  
We met by chance, you did not finde me here.

*Exame.* Good, good, my lord, the secrets of neighbor *Pand*  
Haue not more guift in taciturnitie. — *Exame.*

Pand. Itt possible : no sooner gone but left, the diuell take  
Antenor, the young Prince will go madde, a plague vpon  
Antenor, I would they had brok s neck.

Enter Creff. How now? what's the matter? who was hee?'

Pand. Ah, ah !

Creff. Why high you so profoundly, wher's thy Lord? gone?  
tell me sweete Uncle, what's the matter.

Pand. Wou'd I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.

Creff. O the Gods, what's the matter?

Pand. Pray thee get sheet in : wouldest thou hadst neare bee  
borne, I knew thou wouldest be his death. O poore Gentle-  
man, a plague vpon Antenor.

Creff. Good vncle! beseech you on my knees, what's the  
matter?

Pand. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone: thou  
art chang'd for Antenor. Thou must to thy father and bee  
gone from Troylus, twill be his death, twill bee his bane, hee  
cannot beare it.

Creff. O you immortall Gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou must.

Creff. I will not Uncle. I haue forgot my father,  
I know no touch of consanguinitie,  
No kinne, no loue, no blood, no soule so neare me  
As the sweete Troylus. O you gods diuine,  
Make Creffelds name the very crowne of falsehood,  
If euer she leauue Troylus. Time, force and death,  
Do to this body what extremes you can:  
But the strong base, and building of my loue,  
Is as the very center of the earth,  
Drawing all things to it. Ile go in and weepe.

Pand. Do, do.

Creff. Ease my bright haire, & scratch my praised cheeke,  
Crack my cleare voyce with sobs, and breake my heart,  
With sounding Troylus: I will not go from Troy.

Enter Paris, Troylus, Enemis, Diomedes, Ant. Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the house prefur,  
For her delvery to this valiant Greeke,  
Comes fathapon : good my brother Troylus

Tell

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Tell you the Lady what she is to do,  
And hast her to the purpose.

*Troy.* Walke into her houſe,  
Ile bring her to the Grecian presently.

And to his hand when I deliver her,  
Thinke it an altar, and thy brother *Troylus*  
A priest there offering an i[n] his soule heart.

*Paris.* I know what tis to lose,  
And would as I shall petyt beould helpe.  
Please you walke in my Lord's.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.

*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation?  
The grieſe is fine, full, perfect that it stayeth  
And violenteth in a ſence as strong  
As that which caueth it, how can I moderate it?  
If I could temporize with my affections,  
Or brew it to a weake and coulde p[er]halfe,  
The like alayment could I giue my grieſe,  
My loue admitteth no qualifying droſſe,  
No more my grieſe in ſuch a precious loſſe.

*Enter Troylus.*  
*Pan.* Here, here, here he comes, a ſweete ducke.

*Cres.* Oh *Troylus*, *Troylus*.

*Pan.* What a paire of ſpectacles is here, let me embracerooe,  
Oh heart, as the goodly ſaying is, Oh heart, beaute heart,  
why fighth thou without breaking: where hee anſwert a  
gaine, because thou canſt not eaſe thy ſuſt by friendſhippe  
nor by ſpeaking: there was neuer a time, Let vs call a  
way nothing, for wee may liue to haue need of ſuch a veſte,  
We ſee it, we ſee it, how now lambs?

*Troy.* Cressid I loue thee in ſo ſtrain'd a purytie,  
That the bleſſed Gods are angry with my fancy:  
More bright in zeale then the deuotion, whiche  
Cold lippes blow to their dieſies, take thee from me.

*Cres.* Haue the Gods enuy?

*Pan.* I, I, I, I, tis to plaine a caſe.

*Cres.* And is it true that I muſt go from *Troy*?

*Troy.* A hatefull trugh.

*Cref.* What and from *Troylus* to?

*Troy.* From *Troy*, and *Troylus*.

*Cref.* Is't possible?

*Troy.* And suddenly, where iniury of chance  
Puts back, Iesse taking, jussels roughly by:  
All time of pause: rudely beguiles our lipper,  
Of all reioynduse: fuscibly presents  
Our lock't embrasures, strangles our dese vowed,  
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath:  
We two that with so many thousand fighes,  
Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues:  
With the rude breuity, and discharge of one,  
Iniurious time now with a robbershaft,  
Cram's his ritch thecu'rypp hee knowes not how,  
As many farewells as be starres in heaven.  
With distin&t breath, and confignde kissses to them,  
He fumbles vp into a loose adewe:  
And skanes vs with a fingle fumble kisse,  
Distasted with the salt of broken teares.

*Enes* within. My Lord is the Lady ready?

*Troy.* Harke, you are call'd, some say the *Genius*  
Cries so to him that instantly must die,  
Bid them haue pacience she shall come anon.

*Paw.* Where are my teares raine to lay this windc, or my  
heart wilbe blowne vp by my throat.

*Cref.* I must then to the Grecians.

*Troy.* No remedy?

*Cref.* A wofull *Crefid*'mongst the metry Grecies,  
Whenshall we see againe.

*Troy.* Here mee loue: be thou but true of heart.

*Cref.* I true? how now? what wicked deme is this?

*Troy.* Nay we must vse expostulation kindly,  
For it is parting from vs.

I speake not be thou true as fenter thee,  
For I will throw my glove 'to death himselfe,  
That there is no maculation in thy heart:  
But bee thou true say I to fasshion in,

My

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*of Troy and Cressida.*

My sequent protestation, be it true, and I will let her.  
Cres. Oh you shall be expos'd my Lord to dangers,

As infinite as imminent; but let be true.

Troy. And let grow friend with danger, were this fleue.

Cres. And you this gloue, when shall I see you?

Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinel,  
To give thee nightly vision, but yet be true.

Cres. Oh beauies be true againe?

Troy. Here why I speake it now;

The Grecian youths are full of quality,  
And swelling ore with art and exercisise.  
How noueltie may move, and parts with portions,  
Alas a kinde of Godly iealousie,  
(Which I beseech you cal a vertuous sinne,) makes me a feare.

Cres. Oh heauens you loue me not!

Troy. Die I a villaine, in this I do not call your faith in question.

So mainely as my merit, I cannot sing  
Nor heele the high laught, nor sweeten talke,  
Nor play at subtil games, faire vertues all:  
To which the Grecians are most proude and pregnante,  
But I can tell that in each grace of thies,  
There lurkes a still, and dumb-discontente disell  
That tempts most consistingly, but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you thinke I will?

Troy. No, but somthing may be done that we will not,  
And sometimes weare disell to our selues:  
When we will tempe the finalitie of our powers,  
Presuming on their changefull potency.

*Euas within.* Nay good my Lord?

Troy. Come kniffe, and let vs part.

*Paris within.* Brother Troyles

Troy. Good brother come you hither,  
And bring Euas and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My Lord will you be true?

Troy. Who I, alas it is my vice, my fault,  
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,

I with

I with great trut catch mere simplicite,  
Whilst some with cunning guild their copper crownes;  
With truth and plaineffe I do were mine bare:  
Pearce not my truth, the mornall of my wit,  
Is plaine and true: ther's all the reach of it.  
Welcome sir *Diamond*, here is the Lady,  
Which for *Assassir* we deliuer you.  
At the port (Lord) Ile give her to thy hand,  
And by the way possesse thee what she is.  
Entreat her faire, and by my soule faire Grecce,  
If ere thou stand at mercy of my sword:  
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shal be as safe,  
As *Priamus* is in Illion?

*Diamond*. Faire Ladie *Cressid*,  
So please you saue the thankes this Prince expects:  
The lustre in your eyc, heauen in your cheeke,  
Pleades your faire vilage, and to *Diamond*,  
You shalbe mistres, and command him wholy.

*Troy*. Grecian thou do'st not vse me curteously,  
To shame the seale of my petition to thee:  
In prasing her, I tell thee Lord of Grecce,  
She is vs farre high soaring o're thy praises:  
As thou vnworthy to be call'd her seruante,  
I charge thee vse her well, evn for my charge:  
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou dost not,  
Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard,  
Ile cut thy throat.

*Diamond*. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troy*,  
Let me be prinedg'd by my place and message:  
To be a speaker free: when I am hence,  
Ile answer to my lust, and know you Lord  
Ile nothing do on charge, so her owne worth,  
Shee shalbe priz'd: but that you say be't so,  
I speake it in my spirit and honour no.

*Troy*. Come to the port Ile tel thee *Diamond*,  
This brave shal oft make thee to hide thy head,  
Lady give me your hand, and as we walke,  
To our owne selues bend we out needfull talke.

Paris.

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of Troy and Creusa.

*Paris.* Harke Heliane trumpet has bring / (such do I say)

*Esch.* How haue we spent this morning? / (ow hard w<sup>t</sup>)  
The Prince, must think me verry shand semlyng / (such do I say)

That swore to ride before him to the field, / (such do I say)

*Paris.* Tis Troy has falce, come, some po field with him. *Esch.*

*Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Neoptolemus, Calchas, &c.*

*Ajax.* Here art thou in appoinemens fresh and faire,  
Anticipating time, With starting courage,  
Give with thy trumpet a loude note to Troy  
Thou dreadfull Ajax that the appaule aire,  
May pearce the head of the great Combataunce, and hale him  
hither.

*Ajax.* Thou trumpet, ther's my purse,  
Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brasen pipe:  
Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheeke,  
Out-swell the collick of pust *Aquilon*,  
Come stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud:  
Thou blowest for *Hector*.

*Vliss.* No trumpet answers.

*Achil.* Tis but early daies.

*Aga.* Is not yond *Diamond* with *Calcas* daughter.

*Vliss.* Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,  
He rises on the too: that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Aga.* Is this the Lady *Cressida*?

*Diamond.* Even she.

*Aga.* Most deereley welcome to the Greces sweete Lady.

*Neoptolemus.* Our generall doth salute you with a kisse.

*Vliss.* Yet is the kindnesse but particular, twere better shee  
were kist in general. *(Neoptolemus.)*

*Neoptolemus.* And very courtly counsell. Ile beginne: so much for

*Achil.* Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady,

*Achilles* bids you welcome.

*Men.* I had good argument for kissing once.

*Patro.* But that's no argument for kissing now,

For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment,

And parted thus, you and your argument.

*Vliss.* Oh deadly gall and the same of all our stomes,  
For which we loose our heads to guild his homes.  
*Paris.* The first was *Monsieur* kisseth this mine,  
*Paris* kisses you.  
*Mons.* Oh this is straine.  
*Paris.* Paris and I kiss euen more for him.  
*Mons.* He haue my kisse sir? Lady, by your leaue.  
*Cres.* In kissing do you render opposition.  
*Paris.* Both take and give.  
*Cres.* Ile make my match to live,  
The kisse you take is better then you giue: therefore no kisse.  
*Mons.* Ile give you boote, ile give you three for one.  
*Cres.* You are an od man give even or giue none.  
*Mons.* An odde man Lady, every man is odde.  
*Cres.* No Paris is not, for you know tis true,  
That you are odde and he is even with you.  
*Mons.* You fillip me a th' head.  
*Cres.* No ile beswome.  
*Vliss.* It were no match, your baile against his home,  
May I sweete Lady begge a kisse of you.  
*Cres.* You may. *Vliss.* I do deffire it.  
*Cres.* Why begge then.  
*Vliss.* Why then for *Venus* sake give me a kisse,  
When *Hellen* is a maide againe and his —————  
*Cres.* I am your debtor, claime it when tis due.  
*Vliss.* Nevers my day, and then a kisse of you.  
*Dian.* Lady a word, ile bring you to your father.  
*Neff.* A woman of quick fence.  
*Vliss.* Fie, fie vpon her,  
Ther's language in her eye, her cheeke her lip,  
Nay her foote speakes, her wanton spirite looke out  
At every ioynt and motion of her body,  
Ob these encouerers so glib of tongue,  
That giue a coafting welcome eroit comes,  
And wide vnclap the tables of their thoughts,  
To every ticklish reader, set them downe,  
For fluttis, spoiles of opportunity:  
And daughters of the game. *Flourish enter all of Troy.*  
*all.*

34

*of Troylus and Cressida.*

*All.* The Trojans triumph.

*Aga.* Yonder comes the troupe.

*Ane.* Haile all the state of Greece: what shalbe done;  
To him that victory commands, or doe you purpose,  
A victor shalbe knowne, will you the imighes  
Shall to the edge of all extremity.  
Pursue each other, or shall they be diuided,  
By any voice or order of the field, *Hector* bidde ask?

*Aga.* Which way would *Hector* have it?

*Ane.* He cares not, heele obey conditions.

*Aga.* Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done:  
A little, proudly, and great deale misprizing:  
The knight oppof'd.

*Ane.* If not *Achilles* sir, what is your name?

*Achil.* If not *Achilles* nothing.

*Ane.* Therefore *Achilles*, hit what ere know this,  
In the extremity of great and little.

Valour and pride excell themselves in *Hector*  
The one almost as infinite as all,  
The other blanke as nothing, way him well  
And that which looks like pride is custeife,  
This *Ajax* is halfe made of *Hector's* blood,  
In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* stales at home,  
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector* comes to seeker  
This blended knight halfe Trojan, and halfe Greek.

*Achil.* A maiden battell then, Oh I perceiue you.

*Aga.* Here is sir *Diamond*? go, gentle knight,

Stand by our *Ajax*. As you and Lord *Ennes*

Confeit vpon the order of their fighfe,

So be it, et her to the vttermost,

Or els a breath, the combatants being kin,  
Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.

*Vlisses*: what Trojan is that same that looks so heauy?

*Vliss.* The yongest sonne of *Priam*, a true knight,  
Not yet mature, yet march'esse firme of word,  
Speaking deeds, and deedleffe in his tongue,  
Not soone prouokt nor being prouokt soone calm'd,  
His heart and hand both open and both free.

For what he has he giues, what thinkes he shewes,  
Yet giues hee not till judgement guide his bountie,  
Nor dignifies an impare thought with breath:  
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous,  
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes  
To tender obiects, but he in heate of action,  
Is more vindicatiue then icalous loue.  
They call him *Troylus*, and on him eredt,  
A second hope as fairely built as *Hector*:  
Thus saies *Enel*, one that knowes the youth,  
Euen to his yncles: and with private soule  
Did in great Illion thus translate him to me: *Alarum.*

*Aga.* They are in action.  
*Nest.* Now *Ajax* shoud shine owne.  
*Troy.* *Hector* thou sleepst awakte thee,  
*Aga.* His blowes are well: dispolishe *Ajax*. *Trumpets*  
*Dions.* You must no more. *Drums*.  
*Enel.* Princes enough so please you.  
*Ajax.* I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.  
*Dions.* As *Hector* pleases.  
*Hector.* Why then will no more,  
Thou art great Lord my fathers fathers Sonne,  
A couzen german to great *Primas* feede,  
The obligation of our bloud for bidz,  
A gory emulacion twixt vs twaine:  
Were thy somonizacion *Greeke* and *Troyan* so,  
That thou couldst say this hand is *Grecian* all:  
And this is *Troyan*, the fidesnewes of this legge  
All *Greeke*, and this all *Troy*: my mothers bloud,  
Runnes on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister  
Bounds in my fathers. *By force* impotent  
Thou shouldest not beate from me a *Grecian* number,  
Wherem my sword had not impression made.  
But the iust Gods gainsay,  
That any day thou borrow'dst from thy mother,  
My sacred Aunt, should by my mortal sword,  
Be draineck: Let me embaynes *Ajax*:  
By him that thunders thou hast hury aiment, *Hector*

*Hector*

*of Troylus and Cressida.*

*Hector* would haue them fall vpon him thus,  
Cozen all honor to thee.

*Ajax*. I thanke thee *Hector*,  
Thou art so gentle, and too faire a man,  
I came to kill thee cozen, and beare hence,  
A great addition eame in thy death.

*Hector*. Not *Neapolitan* so warlike,  
On whose bright crest, faire with his hewdoff (O yes),  
Cries, this is he, could prouise to himselfe,  
A thought of added honor, some from *Hector*.

*Enes*. There is expectance heare from both the sides,  
What further you will do.

*Hector*. Weele answere it, *Ajax* farewell,  
The issue is embracement, *Ajax* farewell.

*Ajax*. If I might in entreaties finde successe,  
As feld I haue the chance, I would desire,  
My famous cofin to our Grecian temes.

*Drom*. Tis *Agamemnon* wish, and great *Achilles*,  
Doch long to see vnam'd thy valiant *Hector*.

*Hector*. *Aeneas* call my brother *Troylus* to me,  
And signifie this louing enterview  
To the expectors of our Troyan part,  
Desire them home. Give me thy hand my Cozen,  
I will go eate with thee, and see your Knights.

*Ajax*. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meeke vs heere,  
*Hector*. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name :

But for *Achilles* my owne searching eyes,  
Shall finde him by his large and portly size.

*Agam*. Worthy all armes, as welcome as to one,  
That would be rid of such an enemy.

From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.

*Hector*. I thanke thee most impetuous *Agamemnon*.

*Agam*. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no leſſe to you.

*Mene*. Let me confirme my princely brothers greeting :

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hether.

*Hector*. Who must we answere?

*Enes*. The noble *Menelek*.

*Hector*. O you my Lord, by Mars his goddier thanks,

1.3. (Mock).

(Mock not thy affect, the vntraded earth.)

Your quondam wife sweraes still by *Venus* alone,  
Shees well, but bad me not commend her to you.

*Men.* Name her not now sir, shee's a deadly theame.

*Heſt.* O pardon, I offend.

*Nefſt.* I haue thou gallant Troyan ſene thee oft,

Laboring for destiny, make cruel way,

Through rakes of Greekish youth, and I haue ſene thee

As hot as *Perſes*, ſpurre thy Phrigian ſteed,

Deſpising many forfaits and ſubduaments,

When thou haſt hung th' advanced ſword iſh'ſyre,

Not letting it decline on the declined,

That I haue ſaid to ſome my ſtanders by,

Loe *Impiety* is yonder dealing life.

And I haue ſene thee paue, and take thy breath,

When that a ring of Greekes haue ſhrupd thee in,

Like an Olympian wraſhing. This haue I ſene,

But this thy countenance full locks in Steele,

I never ſaw till now: I knew thy grandſire,

And once fought with him, he was a ſoldier good,

But by great *Mars* the Capaine of vs all,

Never like thee: O let an old man embrace thee,

And worthy warior welcome to our tents.

*Enr.* Tis the old *Nefſt*.

*Heſt.* Let me embrace thee good old *Chronicle*,

That haſt ſo long walkt' hand in hand with time,

Most reverend *Nefſt*, I am glad to clafe thee.

*Nefſt.* I would my armes could match thee in contention.

*Heſt.* I would they could.

(row.

*Nefſt.* Ha? by this white beard I deſiȝt with thee to mor-  
Well, welcome, welcome, I haue ſene the time.

*Vlſſ.* I wonder now how yonder City stands,

When we haue here her base and pillar by vs?

*Heſt.* I know your fauour lord *Vlſſes* well,

Ah sir, there's many a Greekke and Troyan dead,

Since firſt I ſaw your ſeſe and *Diomed*,

In Illion on your Greekish embafie.

*Vlſſ.* Sir I foretold you then what would enſue,

My

My prophecie is but halfe his journey yet;  
 For yonder walls that pertly front your towne,  
 Yon towers, whose wanion tops do buse the clouds,  
 Must kisse their owne feete.

*Hector.* I must not beleue you.

There they stand yet, and modestly I thinke;  
 The fall of euery Phrygian stone will cost,  
 A drop of Grecian bloud : the end crownes all,  
 And that old common arbitrator Time, will one day end it.

*Ulysses.* So to him we leane it.

Most gentle and most valiant *Hector*, welcome :  
 After the Generall, I befeech you next  
 To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

*Achilles.* I shall forstall thee lord *Ulysses* thou :  
 Now *Hector* I hauesed mine eyes on thee, (by intent,  
 I haue with exact view peruid thee *Hector*, & quoted soynce

*Hector.* Is this *Achilles*? *Achilles.* I am *Achilles*.

*Hector.* Stand faire I pray thee, let me looke on thee,

*Achilles.* Behold thy fill-

*Hector.* Nay I haue done already.

*Achilles.* Thou art too briefe, I will the second time,  
 As I would buse thee, view thoe lim by lim,

*Hector.* O like a booke of sport thou'l read me ore :  
 But ther's more in me then thou vnderstandst,  
 Why doost thou so oppresse me with thine eye.

*Achilles.* Tell me you heauens, in which part of his body  
 Shall I destroy him : whether there, or there, or there,  
 That I may glie the locall wound a name,  
 And make distinct the very breach, whereout  
*Hector's* great spirit flew : answer me heauens.

*Hector.* It would discredit the blest gods proud man,  
 To answer such a question : stand againe,  
 Thinkst thou to catch my life so pleasantly,  
 As to prenominate in nice conjecture,  
 Where thou wilt hit me dead.

*Achilles.* I tell thee yes.

*Hector.* Wert thou an Oracle to tell me so,  
 Ie not beleue thee. Hence-forth gard thee well,

For

For Ile not kill thee there, nor die in another place,  
But by the forge that stiched Mars his helme,  
Ile kill thee every where, yea ere and ere,  
You wifst Grecians, pardon me this brag,  
His insolence drawes folly from my lips,  
But ile endeuour deeds to match these words,  
Or may I never—

*Ajax.* Do not chase thee cozen,  
And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone,  
Till accident or purpose bring you too're,  
You may haue every day enough of *Hector*,  
If you haue stomach. The generall state, I feare,  
Can scarce entreat you to be odde with him.

*Hector.* I pray you let vs see you in the field,  
We haue had peltin warres since you refud, the Grecians

*Achil.* Dooff thou entreat me *Hector* (cause,  
To morow do I meet thee fell as death to night all friends.

*Hector.* Thy hand vpon that match,  
*Agam.* First all you Peeres of Greece, go to my tent,  
There in the full conuine we: afterwards  
As *Hector's* leisure, and your bounties shall  
Concurre together, severally entreat him  
To taste your bounties, let the trumpets blowe,  
That this great souldier may his welcome know. *Exiunt.*

*Troy.* My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me I beseech you,  
In what place of the field doth *Caleus* keepe.

*Ulyss.* At *Menelous* tent, most princely *Troylus*:  
There *Dianed* doth feast with him to night,  
Who neither lookes vpon the heauen nor earth,  
But gives all gaze, and bent of amorous view,  
On the faire *Cressid*.

*Troyl.* Shall I sweete Lord be bound so you so much,  
After we part from *Agamemnon's* tent,  
To bring me thethe.

*Ulyss.* You shall command me fir,  
But gentle tell me of what honor was  
This *Cressid* in *Troy*? had she no louer there  
That wails her absence?

*Troyl.*

Tro. O sir to such as bothe shew their skarres,  
 A mocke is due; will you walke on my Lord,  
 Shee was beloued my Lord, she is, and doth,  
 But full sweet loue is food for fortunes tooth. Exeunt.

*Enter Achilles and Parceus.*

Ach. Ile heate his blood with grecish wine to night,  
 Which with my Cemicar ile cool to morrow,  
*Parceus let vs feast him to the hight*

Par. Here comes Thersites. *Enter Thersites.*

Ach. How now thou curst of envy.

Thou crasy batch of nature whats the news?

Tro. Why thou picture of what thou seemest, and Idoll,  
 Of idoll worshippers, heers a letter for thee.

Ach. From whence fragment.

Tro. Why thou full dish of scold from Troy,

Par. Who keeps the sent now.

Tro. The Surgeons box or the pacients wound.

Par. Well said aduersity, and what needs this tricks,

Tro. Prithee be silent box I profit not by thy talke,  
 Thou art said to be Achilles male varioe,

Par. Male varioe thou rogue whats that.

Tro. Why his masculine whore, now the rotte diseases  
 of the south, the guts griping ruptures: loades a gruell in  
 the back, lethergies, could pallie, rawe eies, distrotte livers,  
 whiffing lungs, bladders full of impostume. Scuticaes lime,  
 kills ich palme, incurable bone-ach, and the ringled see sum-  
 ple of the tetter, take and take againe such preposterous  
 discoueries.

Par. Why thou damnable box of envy thou what meanes  
 thou to curle thus.

Tro. do I curse thee.

Par. Why no you ruinous but, you horizon indiunguis-  
 able cur, no.

Tro. No why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immo-  
 tional skeine of sleue filke, thou greene facenet flap for a sore  
 eye, thou tozell of a prodigall purso, thou sh how the poore  
 world is pestered with such water flies, diminutines of nature.

*Pat. Out-gall; I am thwated quicke;*  
*Achil. My sweete Parvulus I am thwated quicke;*  
*From my great purpose into marruies bassel;*  
*Here is a letter from Queene Hecuba;*  
*A token from her daughter my faire louew<sup>s</sup> Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe peace all*  
*An oth that I have swome I will not breake;*  
*Fall Greckes, fayle fame, honour or goe away,*  
*My maior yowdies here; this ile obey,*  
*Come, come, Thersites help to trim my tent;*  
*This night in banqueting must al be spent, and by Parvulus;*

*Ther. With so muche blood, and so little braine, these two may run mad, but if with so muche braine and so little blood they do ile be a curer of mad-men, her's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loses qualies, but hee has not so muche braine as eare-wax, and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his be the Bull, the primitive statu, and oblique memorial of cuckoldes, a thrifte shooing-horne in a chaine at his bare legge, to what forme but that hee is, shoulde wit larded with malice, and malice faced with witte, turne him to: to an Asse, were nothing hee is both Asse and Ox, to an Ox were nothing, her's both Ox and Asse, to be a day, a Moyle, a Cat, a Fichooke, a Tode, a Lizard, an Oule, a Putrock, or a Herring without a rowe, I would not care, but to bee Menelaus I would conspire against destiny, aske me what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the Loue of a Lazar, so I were not Menelaus—hey-day sprites and fires.*

*Enter Agam: Vlisses, Neff: and Diomed with lights.*

*Aga. We go wrong we goo wrong.*

*Ajax. No, yonder tis there where we seethe lights.*

*Hell. Trouble you.*

*Ajax. No not a whit.*

*Vliss. Here comes himselfe to guide you.*

*Achil. Welcome braue Hellier, welcome Princes all.*

*Aga. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid God night,*

*Ajax commands the guard to tend on you,*

*Hell. Thanks and good night to the Greckes gentill.*

*Mine. Good night my Lord.*

*Hell.*

*Heb.* Good night sweet Lord *Monslau.*

*Tber.* Sweet draught, sweet quoth a sweet sinke, sweet sure.

*Achil.* Good night and welcome both to those that go or tarry. *Exeunt Agam. Monslau.*

*Achil.* Old Nestor tarries, and you to *Dimed.*

*Keepes Helle* company an houre or two.

*Dio.* I cannot Lord, I have important busynesse.

The tide wherof is now, good night great *Helle.*

*Heb.* Give me your hand.

*Vif.* Follow his torch, he goes to *Cales* tent, I'll keep you company. *Troy.* Sweet sir you honor me!

*Helle.* And frond night, adieu.

*Achil.* Come, come, enter my tent. *Exeunt.*

*Tber.* That same *Dimed* a full hearted rogue, a most ynjust knave, I will no more trust him when hee leeres, then I will a serpent when hee hisses, hee will spend his mouth and promise like brabber this bound, but when he performs, Astronomers foreseith, righte judgements, there will come some change, the Sonne, boynnes of the Moone when *Dimed* keeps his word, I will rather leane to see *Helle* then not to dog him, they say hee keepe's Troyan drab, and vies the traytor *Cales* wife, Ile seefer, nothing but lechery all incontinent varlots. *Enter Dimed.*

*Dio.* What are you vp here? speake? *Cal.* Who calls?

*Dio.* Dimed, *Cal.* I thinke whos your daughter?

*Cal.* She comes to you.

*Vif.* Stand, where the torch may not discouerye.

*Troy.* Cressid comes forth to him. *Enter Cressid.*

*Dio.* How shew my charge.

*Cres.* Now my sweet gardian, Marke a word with you.

*Troy.* Yea so familiar?

*Vif.* She will sing ayd man at first sight.

*Tber.* And any man may sing her, if hee can take her. *Cliff.*

*She's noted.* *Dio.* Will you rememb're? *(your words.)*

*Cal.* Remember yes.

*Dio.* Nay but do then and let your minde be coupled with

*Troy.* What shall she rememb're. *Vif.* Let's

*Cres.* Sweet hony Grotie tempt me no more, to folly.

*Ther.*: Roguery. *Dio. Night.*  
*Cref.*: Ile tell you what. *Dio.*: Fo, fo, come tell a pin you are forsworne.  
*Cref.*: In faith I cannot, what would you haue me do?  
*Ther.*: A jugling tricke to be secretly open.  
*Dio.*: What did you sweare you would bellow on me?  
*Cref.*: I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,  
Bid me do any thing but that sweete Greeke.  
*Dio.*: Good night.  
*Troy.*: Hold patience.  
*Vlif.*: How now Troyan. *Cref.*: Diomed.  
*Dio.*: No, no, good night Ile be your foolnesse more.  
*Troy.*: Thy better must.  
*Cref.*: Harke a word in your eare.  
*Troy.*: O plague and madnesse!  
*Vlif.*: You are moved Prince, let vs depart I pray  
Lefft your displeasure shal intarge it selfe  
To wrathfull tearmes, this place is dangerous  
The time right deadly, I beseech you goe.  
*Troy.*: Behold I pray you.  
*Vlif.*: Now good my Lord go off.  
You shal to great destruction, come my Lord.  
*Troy.*: I prethee stay.  
*Vlif.*: You haue not patience, come.  
*Troy.*: I pray you stay; by hell, and all hells torment,  
I will not speake a word.  
*Dio.*: And so good night.  
*Cref.*: Nay but you part in anger.  
*Troy.*: Doth that grieve thee, O withered truth.  
*Vlif.*: How now my Lord?  
*Troy.*: By Ione I will be patient.  
*Cref.*: Gardian? why Greeke? *Dio.*: Fo fo you palter,  
*Cref.*: In faith I doe not, come hether once again.  
*Vlif.*: You shake my Lord at something, will you goe, you  
wil break out.  
*Troy.*: She stroakes his cheeke. *Vlif.*: Come, come.  
*Troy.*: Nay stay, by Ione I will not speake a word.  
There is betwix me and all offences

a guard

A guard of patience, stay a little while.

*Troy:* How the diuell *Lauenty* with his fat rumpe and per-  
cato finger, tickles together, fyste lechery frys.

*Duo:* Will you then?

*Cref:* In faith I will lo, never trust me else.

*Duo:* Give me some token for the surety of it.

*Cref:* Ile fetch yest one.

*Exit.*

*Vly:* You haue sworne patience.

*Troy:* Feare me not my Lord.

I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition  
Of what I feele, I am all patience.

*Enter Cref.*

*Troy:* Now the pledge, now, now, now.

*Cref:* Heere *Dianed* keepe this sleeve.

*Troy:* O beauty where is thy faith!

*Vly:* My Lord.

*Troy:* You looke vpon that fleshe behold it well,  
Hee loued me (oh false wench) giu't me againe:

*Duo:* Whosc waf?

*Cref:* It is no matter now I ha't againe.

I will not meete with you to morrow nigh:  
I prethee *Dianed* visite me no more.

*Troy:* Now shee sharpens, well said *Whotstone*.

*Duo:* I shall haue it.

*Cref:* What this?

*Duo:* I that.

*Cref:* O all you gods; O pretty pretty pledge!  
Thy maister now lyes thinking on his bed  
Of thee and mee, and fighes, and takes my gloue,  
And giues me morall dainty kisses to it, as I kisse thee.

*Duo:* Nay do not snatch it from me.

*Cref:* He that takes that doth take my heart withall.

*Duo:* I had your heart before, this followes it.

*Troy:* I did sweare patience.

You shall not haue it *Dianed*, faith you shall not,  
Ile give you something else.

*Duo:* I will haue this, whose was it?

*Cref:* It is no matter.

*Duo:* Come tell me whose it was?

*Cref:* Twas on's that shoud me better then you will,

But now you have it take it. *What is this? I know not.*

*Cref.* And by all Diuels wayling I know yond  
And by her selfe I will not tell you whos.

*Dis.* To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,  
And grieve his spiri that dares not challenge it.

*Troy.* VVant thou the diuell, and wouldest on thy home,  
It should be challengd.

*Cref.* VVell, well, tis done, its perfynd yet it is not,  
I will not keepe my wrod.

*Dis.* VVhy then farewel, thou neuer shal mocke Diuell  
againc.

*Cref.* You shall not go: this cannot speake a word but it  
straight startes you.

*Dis.* I doe not like this fooling.

*Tber.* Nor I by Plays; but then that likes not you, pleases  
me best.

*Dis.* VVhat shall I come the hour—

*Cref.* I come; O I am to count, I shall be plagued.

*Dis.* Farewell till then.

*Cref.* Good night, I prethee comest.

*Troy.* farewell, one eye yet lookes on thee,  
But with my heart the other eye doth see, and heele I all  
Ab poore cur sey, this fault in vs I find,  
The error of our eye directis our mind.

*Dis.* VVhat error leads mestere? O thene conclude,

“ Mindes swayd by eyes are full of turpitude.”

*Tber.* A profeſſor streng h[er]e could not publish more,  
Vnlesſe shes said my mind is now turn'd whore.

*Vly.* All's done my Lord.

*Vly.* VVhy stay we then?

*Troy.* To make a recordation to my soule  
Of every fillable that her's was spake:  
But if I tell how these two did Count,  
Shall I not lye in publishing a truth,  
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,  
An eſtance so obſtinate ſtrong,  
That doth intenck a meet of eyes and eares,

## of Troy and of Cressida.

As if those organs were despatched sumptuously,  
Created only to consume. Was Cressida here?

*Ulysses.* I cannot conceive Troyan.

*Troyan.* Shee was not here.

*Ulysses.* Most sure she was.

*Troyan.* Why my narration hath no taste of modestie.

*Ulysses.* Nor mine my Lord: Cressida was here but now.

*Troyan.* Let it not be believ'd for woman-hood.

Thinke we had mochess, do not gise aduantage

To stubborne Critiques apt without a theme

For deputation to disuse the generall sen-

By Cressida's selfe. Rather think this not Cressida.

*Ulysses.* What hath she done Prince that shal spoile our mochess.

*Troyan.* Nothing at all, vident that this were she.

*Troyan.* Will a frowne her selfe out on bothe eyen,

*Troyan.* This frowne that to Diomed Cressida

If beany heare a fowle shal be not shew.

If fowles guidly veynes will vouch be sanctimoniis,

If sanctimoniis be the gods delightes,

If there be rule in vnitie it selfe,

This was not shew: O madnesse of discouerie,

That enueies to wikk and agaynst is selfe,

By fould authorisys: where reason can ronke

Without perdition, and loke ethens all reason,

Without result. This is and is not Cressida,

Within my soule there deth conduce a figh-

Of this strange nature, alters thing intrepreneur,

Divides more wider then the skie and earth,

And yet the spacious breddth of this division,

Admits no orifex for a point as subiect,

As stricken's brokne woof to teare,

Instance, O instance, strong as Diomedes,

Cressida is intwisted with the bonds of heauen;

Instance, O instance, strong as heauen to selfe,

The bonds of heauen are shipp, dischar'd and loold,

And with another knot finde fingered,

The fiddions of her fancies of her louer,

The fragmēnts, scraps, the bitts and greazole reliques.

Of her ore-eaten faith, are given to *Diamond*,  
*Vlif*. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached  
With that whiche heere his passion doth expresse  
*Troy*. I Greeke, and that shall be divulged well  
In Characters as red as *Mars* his heart  
In flamy'd with *Venumeuer* did young man fancy  
With so eternall and so fixt a soule,  
Harte Greeke, as much I do *Cressid* love,  
So much by waight, hate I her *Diamond*:  
That sleeve is mine, that heele bear on his flicke:  
VVere it a Caske compos'd by *Valours* skill  
My sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull Spouse  
VVhich Shipmen do the hurricano call,  
Coastring in Massy by the almighty sunne  
Shal dizzy with more clamour Neptunes care, in his discent,  
Then shall my prompted sword, taliking on *Diamond*.

*Tbler*: Heele ticle it for his concupise.

*Troy*: O *Cressid*, O false *Cressid*, false, false, false:  
Let all vneruthes stand by thy stained name,  
And theyle seeme gloriouse.

*Vlif*: O containe your selfe;  
Your passion drawes eares bether.

*Enter Eneas*.

*Enea*: I haue beeene seeking you this houre my Lord:  
*Hector* by this is arming him in Troy:  
*Ajax* your guard stayes to conduct you home.

*Troy*: Haue with you Prince my courteous Lord adicw,  
Farewell reuoluted faire: and *Diamond*  
Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.

*Vlif*: Ile bring you to the gates.  
*Troy*: Accept distracte thankes.

*Exeunt Troyl. Eneas and Vlif*.

*Ther*: VVould I could smere that sough *Diamond* I would  
croke like a Rauen, I would bode, I would bode: Patrecles  
will giue me any thing for the intelligence of this whores the  
Par: or will not do more for an almond then he for a commo-  
dious drab: Lechery, lechery, still warres and lechery, nothing  
else holds fashion. A burning diuell take them. *Exit*.

*Enter*

Enter *Hector* and *Andromache*.

*And.* When was my Lord so much vngently temper'd,  
To stop his ears against admonishment?

*Vnarme, vnarme, and do not fight to day.*

*Hec.* You traine me to offend you, get you in,  
By all the everlasting gods I'll go.

*And.* My dremes will sure prooue ominous to the day.

*Hec.* No more I say.

Enter *Cassandra*.

*Cas.* Where is my brother *Hector*?

*And.* Here sister, arm'd and bloody in intent,  
Consort with me in lowd and deere petition,  
Pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreame  
Of bloudy turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing beeene but shapes and somes of slaughter.

*Cass.* Ot is true.

*Hec.* Ho? bid my trumpet sound.

*Cres.* No notes of falle for the heauens sweete brother.

*Hec.* Begon I say, the gods haue heard me sware.

*Cas.* The gods are deafe to herte and peccatish vowes,  
They are polluted offrings more abhord,  
Then spotted liuers in the sacrifice.

*And.* O be persuaded, do not count it holy,  
It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,  
But vowes to every purpose must not hold:  
*Vnarme sweet *Hector*.*

*Hec.* Hold you still I say,  
Mine honor keepes the weather of my fate:  
Life every man holds deere, but the deere man,  
Holds honor farre more precious deere then life.

Enter *Troylus*.

How now yong man, meanest thou to fight to day.

*And.* *Cassandra* call my father to periwade. *Exit Cassandra*.

*Hec.* No faich yong *Troylus*, dosie thy hanefle youth,  
I am to day ich' vaine of chivalrie,  
Let grow thy finews till their knots be strong,  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.  
*Vnarme thee go, and doubt thou nor braue boy.*

L

Ille

He stand to day for thee and me and Troy.

*Troyl.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a Lion then a man.

*Hector.* What vice is that ? good *Troyl.* chide me  
for it.

*Troyl.* When many times the captive Grecian falls,  
Even in the fangs and winds of your faire sword,  
You bid them rise and live.

*Hector.* O tis faire play.

*Troyl.* Fooles play by beauen *Hector.*

*Hector.* How now ? how now ?

*Troyl.* Forth loose of all the gods  
Lets leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mother,  
And when we haue our armes buckled on,  
The vevond vengeance ride vpon our swords,  
Spur them to ruthfull worke, raine them from ruth.

*Hector.* Fie sauge, sie.

*Troyl.* Hector when tis warres.

*Hector.* *Troyl.* I would not haue you fight to day.

*Troyl.* Who should with-hold me ?  
Not faze, obediencie, nor the hand of Mars,  
Beckning with sie ie truncheon my seizure,  
Not *Priamus* and *Hercules* on knees,  
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares,  
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne,  
Opposd to hinder me, should stop my way.

*Enter Priam and Cassandra.*

*Cassandra.* Lay hold upon him, *Priam* hold him fast,  
He is thy church : now if thou loofesthy fay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

*Priam.* Come *Hector*, come, go back,  
Thy wife bath dreamt, thy mother bath had visions ;  
*Cassandra* doth foresee, and I my selfe,  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapte,  
To tell thee that this day is ominous :

*Enter*

Therefore come back.

*Hec.* *Andras* is a field,  
And I do stand engag'd to many Grecians,  
Even in the faith of valour to appear,  
This morning so them.

*Priam.* I but thou shalt not goe.  
*Hec.* I muste breake my faith,  
You know me darifull, therefore deere sir,  
Let me use thame respects, but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me toall *Priam.*

*Cas.* O *Priam* yeld not to him.

*And.* Do not deere sir.

*Hec.* And *Andromache* I am offended with you,  
Vpon the loue you beare me get you in. *Exit Andromache.*

*Troy.* This foolish dreaming superstitious girl,  
Makes all these boisterous.

*Cas.* O farewell deere *Hector*,  
Looke how thou dy' est looke how thy eye turnes pale,  
Looke how thy wounds doth bleed at many vents,  
Harke how *Troy* roare, how *Hector* crieth out,  
How poore *Andromache* shuns her dolours soorth,  
Behold destruction, frenzie, and amazement,  
Like widdesse an iques one another meete,  
And all cri *Hector*, *Hectors* dead, O *Hector*.

*Troy.* Away, away.

*Cas.* Farewell, yet soft: *Hector* I take my leave,  
Thou do' st thy selfe and all our *Troy* decease?

*Hec.* You are amaz'd my liege, at her exhalme,  
Goe in and cheere the towne,  
Weele forth and fight,

Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

*Priam.* Farewell, the gods with safetie stand about thee.

*Aeneas.*

*Troy.* They are at it harke prond *Dianes* beleue,  
I come to loose my arme or winne my screeve.

*Enter Pandar.*

*L*

*Pand.*

Pand. Do you heare my Dutchy?

Troy. What now?

Pand. Heer's a sister come from yond poortegysse.

Troy. Let me read,

Pand. A whorson tisick, a whorson rascally tisick, so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl, and what one thing, what another, that I shall lese you one art's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones, that vniuersle a man were curst I cannot tell what to think on't. What sayes she there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter siō the heart, Th' effect doth operate another way.

Go winde to winde, there turne and change together:

My lone with words and errors fill the feedes,

But edifies another with her deedes. *Exeunt.*

*Bauer Therstes: excurfians.*

Therst. Now they are clappes-clawing one mocher: He go looke on, that dissembling abhorsable varlet *Diamond*, has gōe that same scurie doocing, foolish knaves fleur of Troy there in his heime. I would faine see them meete, that that same young Trojan ass that loues the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-maisterly villaine with the fleece, back to die dissembling limuriohs drabbe of a fleece-less arrant. Art' tother side, the pollicie of those craftie swearing rascalls; that stale old Mouse-eaten drye cheeke *Nefor*: and that same dogge-sone *Uffor*, is not prouid worth a Black-berry. They see mee vp in pollicie, that mongrill curte *Uffor*, against that dogge, of so badle kinde *Abilles*. And now is the curte *Uffor*, prouider then the curte *Abilles*, and will not arise to day. Where-upon the Grecians began to proclaimme barbarisme, and pollicie growes into an ill opinion. Soft here comes Ileene & tother.

Troy. Pye not, for sholdit then take the highe stix, I would swin after,

*Diamond*. Thou doost miscall retid, ife soe shal I leav't

I doe not fine, but advantageous care,

With-drew me from the ods of multitude, haue at thee?

Troy. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Trojan,

*Now*

Now the sleeve, now the sleeve.

*Enter Heitor.*

*Heitor.* What art Grecie, art thou for Heitors march,  
Art thou of bloud and honour.

*Troy.* No, no; I am a rascal, a scurvy ruyling knave, a very  
slippy roague.

*Heitor.* I do beleue thee, ladd.

*Troy.* God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me, but a plague  
breake thy necke — for frighting me! whats become of the  
wenching roagues? I thinke they haue swallowed one ano-  
ther. I would laugh at that miracle — yet in a sort lechery  
eates it selfe, ile seeke them. *Exit.*

*Enter Diomed and Turnour.*

*Diomed.* Goe, go, my seruant, take thou Troylus horse,  
Present the faire steed to my Lady Cressid,  
Fellow command my seruice to her beauty.  
Tell her I haue chafis'd the amorous Trojan,  
And am her knight by poofe. *Enter Against.*

*Uxian.* I geue my Lord:

*Aga.* Renew, renew, the fierce Polidamis,  
Hath beate downe Menen: boftand Margarolam,  
Hath Doreus prisoner.  
And standis Colosus wife wauing his beane,  
Vpon the pashed coties of the Kings:  
Epifropus and Cedus, Polidamis is slaine,  
And Phineas and Thesus deadly hurt,  
Parbates tane or slaine, and Palomedes,  
Sore hurt and brifed, the dreadfull Sagittary,  
Appalls our numbers, haft we Diomed,  
To re-enforcement or we perifhal.

*Enter Nefer.*

*Nefer.* Go beare Patroclus body to Achilles,  
And bid the snail-peç't other come for shame,  
There los thea stand: Heitor in the field:  
Now here he fightes off Glaucus his horse,  
And there lacks worke, anon he's there a foote  
And there they fit or die, like scaling sculls,  
Before the belching Whale, then is he yonder:

And there the strawy Greeks lie for his edge  
Fall downe before him like a mowers swath,  
Here, there and every where, he leaves and takes,  
Dexterity so obeying appetite,  
That what he will he do's, and do's so much:

That proofe is call'd impossibility. *Enter Nest.*

*Nest.* Oh courage, courage, Prince, great Achilles,  
Is arm'd, weeping, cursing, vowed vengeance,  
*Patroclus* wounds haue rous'd his drowzy bloud,  
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*  
That noseless, handless, hackett and chipt come to him.  
Crying on *Hector*, *Ajax* hath lost a friend,  
And foames at mouth, and hee is arm'd and at it:  
Roaring for *Troylus*, who hath done to day,  
Madde and fantastique execution:

Engaging and redeeming of himselfe  
With such a carelessse force, and forcelesse care,  
As if that lust in very spi. ht of cunning, had him win all.

*Enter Ajax.* *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus*. *Exit.*

*Dio.* I there, there?

*Nest.* So, so, we draw together. *Exit.*

*Enter Achilles.*

*Achil.* Where is this *Hector*?  
Come, come, thou boy-queller shew thy face,  
Know what it is to meeke Achilles angry  
*Hector* wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*

*Enter Ajax.* *Troylus* thou coward *Troylus* shew thy head.

*Enter Dio.* *Troylus* I say wher's *Troylus*?

*Ajax.* What wouldst thou.

*Dio.* I would correct him.

*Ajax.* Were I the general thou shouldest haue my office,  
Ere that correction? *Troylus* I say what *Troylus*.

*Enter Troylus.*

*Troy.* Oh traitor *Dion*, wene thy false face thou traitor,  
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

*Dio.* Ha art thou there?

*Ajax.* Ile fight with him alone stand *Dion*.

*Dio.*

*of Troylas and Cressida.*

*Dion.* He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

*Troy.* Come both you cogging Greeks haue at you bothe.

*Hector.* Yea Troylas, O well fought my yongest brother.

*Enter Achil.* Now do I see thee ha, haue at thee *Hector.*

*Hector.* Pause if thou wile.

*Achil.* I do disdaue thy custeles proud Troyan,

Be happy that my armes are out of vies.

My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou soon shalt here of me againe:

Till when goe seekethy fortune.

*Hector.* Fare thee well.

I would haue beene much iude a fresher man,

Had I expected thee, how now my brother.

*Enter Troy.*

*Troy.* Aiax hath tane *Alceson*, shall it be,

No by the flaine of yonder glorious heauen,

He shall not carry him selfe becauere,

Or bring him off, fare her's me what I say,

I wreake not though I end my life to day.

*Exit.*

*Enter one in armour.*

*Hector.* Stand, stand thou Greekke, thou art a goodly marke,

No? wilt thou not I like thy armor we'll,

Ile frush it and yo'ock the riuetts all,

But ile be maister of it, wilt thou not beaft abide,

Why then flie on, ile hunt thee for thy hide.

*Exit.*

*Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.*

Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*,

Marke what I say, attend me where I wheel,

Strike not a stroke, but keepe your schies in breth,

And when I haue the bloody *Hector* sound,

Empale him with your weapons found about,

In fellest manner execut your armes,

Follow me sirs and my proceedings eye,

It is decreed *Hector* the great must die.

*Exit.*

*Enter Terses: Mnes: Paris.*

*Terses.* The cuck-old and the cock-old-maker are at it,

now bull, now dogge lowe, *Paris* lowe, now my double

hen'd spartan, lowe *Paris*, lowe the bull has the game, ware

hernes ho?

*Exit Paris and Menelaus.*

*Enter*

Enter Baffard

Baff. Turne flame and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baff. A Baffard sonne of Prius.

Ther: I am a bafard too, I loue bafards. I am bafard be-  
got, bafard instructed, bafard in minde, bafard in va our, in  
euery thing illigitimate, one beare wil not bite another, and  
wherefore should one bafard ? take heed, the quarells  
most ominous to vs, if the sonne of a whore fight for a  
whore, he tempts iudgement, farewell bafard.

Baff. The diuell take thee coward.

Exit.

Enter Heitor.

Heitor. Most putrefied core so faire without,  
Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life;  
Now is my daies worke done ile take my breake  
Rest sword thou haft thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Loke Heitor how the Sunne begins to set,  
How ougly night comes a breathing at his heeles  
Even with the veile and darkning of the Sunne,  
To close the day vp, Heitors life is done.

Heitor. I am vnarm'd forre this vantage Greke.

Achil. Strike fellowes luke, this is the man I seeke,  
So Illion fall thou next, come Troy finke downe,  
Here lies thy heart, thy finnewes and thy bone.  
On Myrmidons, and cry you all araine.

Achilles hath the mighty Heitor slaine, Retreat:  
Harke a retine vpon our Grecian prat.

One: The Troyan trumpet sound the like my Lord.

Achil: The dragon wing of night overspeds the earth,  
And stickler-like the armes separates.

My halfe sup' sword that frankly would haue fedde,  
Pleas'd with this dainty boice: then goes to beds  
Cometic his body to my bottes taile,  
Along the field I will the Troyan traile.

Exeunt:

Enter Agam: Aias, Menel, Nestor, Diomedes

and the rest marching.

Aga. Harke, harke, what is this?

Nof:

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*Nest.* Peace drums.  
*Sould: within.* Achilles, Achilles, Hectors slaine Achilles.  
*Dio.* The bruite is Hectors slaine and by Achilles.  
*Ajax.* If it be so yet braglesse let it bee,  
Great Hector was as good a man as he.  
*Aga.* March patiently along: let one bee sent,  
To pray Achiles see vs at our tent:  
If in his death the Gods haue vs befriended.  
*Great Troy* is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Enes, Paris, Antenor, Diophobus.*  
*Enes.* Stand ho? yet are we masters of the field,  
*Enter Troylus.*  
*Troy.* Neuer goe home, here starue we out the night.  
*Hector* is slaine.  
*All.* Hector! the gods forbid.  
*Troy.* Hee's dead and at the murtherers horses taile,  
In bestly sort drag'd through the shamefull field:  
Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speed,  
Sit gods vpon your thrones, and smile at Troy.  
I say at once, let your breefe plagues be mercy,  
And linger not our sure destructions on.  
*Enes.* My Lord you doe discomforst all the host.  
*Troy.* You understand me not that tell me so,  
I do not speake of flight, of feare of death  
But dare all immynence that gods and men  
Addresse their daungers in. *Hector* is gone:  
Who shall tell Priam so or *Hecuba*?  
Let him that will a scrich-ould aye be call'd,  
Goe into Troy and say their *Hector* dead.  
There is a word will *Priam* turne to stome,  
Make wells and *Nobs* of the maides and wiuene.  
Could statues of the youth and in a word,  
Scarre Troy out of it selfe, there is no more to say,  
Stay yet you proud abhominable tents:  
Thus proudly pitcht vpon our Phrigian plaines,  
Let *Tytan* rise as carely as he dare;  
Ile through, and through you, and thou great fyd coward,  
No space of earth shall funder our two hates:

He haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,  
That mouldeth goblins swift as fiuenzes thoughts,  
Strike a free march, to Troy with comfort goe  
Hope of reueng shall hide our inward woe.

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Pas.* But here you, here you.

*Troy.* Hence broker, lacky, ignomyny, shame,  
Purue thy life, and live eyne with thy name.

*Exeunt all but Pandarus.*

*Pas.* A goodly medicine for my aking bones, i Oh world,  
world --- thus is the poore agent despis'd, Oh traitors and  
bawds, how earnestly are you set a worke, and how ill re-  
quired, why should our endeouour bee so lou'd and the per-  
formance so loathed, what verle for it? What instance for it?  
Let me see,  
Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,  
Till he hath lost his hony and his sting.  
And being once subdue in armed taile,  
Sweet hony, and sweet notes togeether faile.  
Good traidors in the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes,  
As many as be here of *Pandars* ~~men~~,  
Your eyes halfe out weape out at *Pandars* fall.  
Or if you cannot weape yet give some grones,  
Though not for me yet for my aking bones:  
Brethren and sisters of the hold-ore trade,  
Some two monthe hence my will shall here be made,  
It should be now, but that my feare is this,  
Some gauled goose of Winchester would hisse,  
Till then ile sweat and seeke about for eases,  
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

*FINIS.*

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